

# The Academy and Literature.

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## The Literary Week.

SOME interesting books have been published during the past week, but the lull that precedes and follows Christmas has fallen on the publishing world. Only three novels have been issued. It would be interesting to know how many books of American origin were sent to this country in 1902. The number is certainly far larger than in 1901. The latest is "Religious Life in America," a stout volume, being the record of a journey that the author, Mr. E. H. Abbott, made through parts of the United States for the purpose of recording observations of religious life in America. Among the books received since our last issue we may note the following:—

**NOVA SOLYMA.** An Anonymous Romance attributed to John Milton. Translated by the Rev. Walter Begley.

This romance was first published in 1648, when Milton was forty years of age. If it was written by Milton at all—and the internal evidence that he did write it is unmistakably strong—it must have remained in manuscript for close on twenty years. Mr. Begley conjectures that "the four hundred pages of Latin prose and poetry . . . were produced, most probably, either during his last years at college or during his peaceful retirement in his father's house at Horton, or possibly, in part, even slightly earlier." "Nova Solyma" has some affinity with "Euphues" and "Utopia," and deals with such varied themes as education, love, and poetry. The two volumes are excellently produced.

**JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE NETHERLANDS IN THE AUTUMN OF 1815.** By Robert Southey, with an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll.

At the time when Southey made this tour he had been Poet Laureate for two years, and was in fairly prosperous circumstances. The book was well worth reprinting; the style is easy and unaffected, and the tone is frank and kindly. When Southey wrote prose he fortunately, as a rule, seemed to forget that he was in the habit of writing bad verse. The journal gives some interesting glimpses of such people as Mr. and Mrs.

Locker (the parents of Frederick Locker-Lampson), and we see something of Southey as a book-buyer.

**LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** By Sir Walter Besant.

Sir Walter Besant loved London, and knew it as perhaps no other man of his time knew it. He had, he said, been walking about London for thirty years, and writing about what he saw. Mrs. Besant writes in her prefatory note: "It was my husband's ambition to be the historian of London in the Nineteenth Century, just as Stow had been in the Sixteenth Century. . . . Of the great History which he had practically completed before his death, the section dealing with the eighteenth century is now published. The volume contains nearly seven hundred pages, and has over one hundred illustrations from contemporary prints. The work is a fitting monument of "the continuous labour of over five years and the active research of half a lifetime."

**COROT AND MILLET.** By Gustave Geffroy and Arsène Alexandre.

This is the winter number of "The Studio," a magazine which sustains a remarkable standard of excellence, not only in its monthly issues, but also in its well-chosen and well-planned extras. The expert essays by M.M. Geffroy and Alexandre have been well and sympathetically translated, but to many the chief attraction of this volume will be the abundance of the illustrations. The reproductions in black and white are excellent. Four Corots are given in colour. "The Pool" strikes us as the best, but to reproduce Corot satisfactorily in colour was an impossible task.

Two very companionable little volumes, bound in green cloth, have just been issued by Mr. Murray. They are entitled "Select Passages from the Theological Writings of Benjamin Jowett," and "Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato," by Benjamin Jowett. Both are edited by Prof. Lewis Campbell, though the passages from the "Introductions to Plato" were selected by Mr. Evelyn Abbott, who died in the autumn of last year. These volumes are just the thing for bedside reading, or to slip into the pocket for the wise beguilement of foreign travel.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN has explained, in the "Daily Mail," the genesis of his Nativity Play, "Bethlehem," produced on Wednesday evening. His primary aim, of course, was to please himself. "The artist," he says, "has no business to regard current prejudices or to yield to the artificial obstacles placed in his way; he has but to follow the healthy and inevitable rule of giving expression to those things which most seize hold on his imagination. There his business begins and ends: and all things that help him to that end are legitimate." The position needs no justification, nor does the production of the play. Indeed, Mr. Housman's idea of presenting the miraculous birth in such a manner as to make a poignant and modern appeal is perfectly sound. He says further:—

In spiritual matters the past tense is foolishness; everything "is," nothing "was." Christmas is not merely commemorated; it is in our midst year by year; and the present tense is the only one that can be applied to it. To make Christmas present in my play has been my chief aim. So my shepherds are not Hebrew shepherds; they are English and Christian. They do but rehearse, as do the peasants of Oberammergau, the event which already fills their lives. No explanation is needed as they run to Bethlehem, knowing already what awaits them there; and when they enter the stable it is as Christian worshippers coming to kneel by the "crib," and to say a "Hail, Mary!" before the Lady-Altar. My wish is to show how the thrill of the expected event can give as great a dramatic effect as the unexpected; that the knowledge of things does not in any degree lessen the wonder of them; an essential element of the drama will be its familiarity to those that hear it.

The question as to whether the "great intellectual Catholic renaissance" to which Mr. Housman refers is so vital as he supposes cannot be discussed here. But at least it is sufficiently strong to welcome an honest and reverent attempt to present the old story in a modern way.

THE third performance of "Bethlehem" will be given at the Imperial Institute to-night (Friday), and the final performances to-morrow afternoon and evening. The book of the play, which makes a small volume of 44 pages, contains the following note:—

With the Author's consent, and with a view to obtaining a more reverent effect upon the stage, several of the speeches written for Our Lady have been omitted, or transferred to St. Joseph. In the book of the words, however, the full text is retained.

We shall deal with the play and Mr. Gordon Craig's original scenic effects next week. Here is one of Mr. Housman's lyrics, sung by the Shepherds in the first act:—

Now we will go, now we will go,  
The way we know to Bethlehem;  
That they may show, and we may know,  
'Tis even so as you proclaim.  
And we will take the bread we bake,  
The wine we make, as gifts to them;  
And milk and cheese; and on our knees  
Will offer these to Bethlehem.  
And He shall know we love Him so,  
But cannot show a better way  
Of service dear, and loving cheer,  
Than we do here on Christmas Day.

THE Censor of Plays may be said to live in hot water. Now we have Mr. Walter Stephens, who announces himself as part author of "Brown at Brighton" (presently to be produced), writing to the papers to say that he has been refused a licence for a play called "Paradise Lost." The play is founded on what Mr. Stephens calls Milton's "great epic poem," and the licence has been refused on the ground that it is

"scriptural." Mr. Stephens complains that he is now compelled to produce his play in America and Germany. We know nothing, of course, of the merits either of "Brown at Brighton" or "Paradise Lost," but we suggest to Mr. Stephens that he should adopt a pseudonym for one or other of his dramatic ventures. "Paradise Lost," by the author of "Brown at Brighton," would hardly look well even on a play-bill.

THE Christmas number of the New York "Critic" publishes a posthumous article by Frank Norris on "The Responsibilities of the Novelist." The author of "The Octopus" took his profession very seriously. He writes with youthful enthusiasm of the possibilities and responsibilities of the modern novelist, and on the whole what he says is sound enough, though it is not always quite logical. The novelist, he says, "more than all others should be careful of what he says; more than all others he should defer to his audience." But that deferring to the audience is one of the weaknesses of modern fiction; it means not only that the writer endeavours to avoid the wounding of susceptibilities; it means also, in many cases, that he persistently presents an unsound view of society and life. A tradition has been set up, and to that tradition he conforms because, true or false, it is in the air. And in this passage it seems to us that Mr. Norris wrote without sanction:—

It is all very well to jeer at the People and at the People's misunderstanding of the arts, but the fact is indisputable that no art that is not in the end understood by the People can live or ever did live a single generation. In the larger view, in the last analysis, the People pronounce the final judgment.

We should like to believe that true, but history and experience are not in agreement with Mr. Norris. He is merely worshipping an ideal, that abstract "People" which does not exist as a court of appeal in matters of literature and art. By all means let our novelists strive after truth, but it does not follow that if they hit the bull's-eye they will get the prize. In a short prefatory note on the article in question a letter from Mr. Hamlin Garland is quoted, in which he says of Frank Norris:—

He was the handsomest, bravest, brightest man of letters I ever knew. He looked at things American in a large way, and his work was sincere and very strong. And yet great as "The Octopus" and "The Pit" are, they were only the first-fruits of a tremendous creative energy. But after all is said I come back to the keen sorrow that seizes me as I remember his face, as beautiful in its cheery, blithe fashion as Edwin Booth's was in its sombre fashion. Norris was to me one of the most enviable of all the men I knew. . . . I cannot realise that he has gone into the dark and cold.

Norris certainly did his best, and we shall wait for the publication of "The Pit" in January with more than ordinary interest.

MR. STEAD has kept fiction out of the "Review of Reviews" for twelve years. With the January number he proposes to introduce it in a rather startling manner. We are to have an endless romance, each chapter of which is to treat of some current event. How far fiction and reality are to meet and kiss each other in this new departure we do not know. But we may trust Mr. Stead's versatility to give us something surprising. This is a generation of up-to-dateness, and if such schemes do no more than make us return with pleasure to old-fashioned quietness, they have not been exploited in vain.

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN, who was the guest of the Authors' Club the other evening, explained how it was that he took to literature. Being dissatisfied with an income of £2 a week, he wrote a book, "The Cruise of the Cachelot,"

for which he received £100. Mr. Bullen was certainly fortunate in receiving so much for a first book. Then a review appeared in the "Times," and people began to ask him to write. That dissipated the idea that his first book was also to be his last, and Mr. Bullen has continued to write ever since, though not always with his original freshness. Indeed, we fear that Mr. Bullen's tendency is to forsake literature for preaching. The two things are not wholly incompatible, but the instances of their satisfactory union are extremely rare.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows concerning our recent Special Competition:—

When I read the Prize Children's Story in the last number of the ACADEMY, I said to myself, "Surely neither the writer of the story nor the adjudicator of the prize has done much reading aloud to children." However, I made the experiment by reading it to my usual childish audience, and found it fall perfectly flat.

The reason is, that it is written largely from the adult point of view, and contains many points quite above the heads of children. As a crucial instance, I point to the paragraph about policemen, which seems to me exactly the kind of thing that is absolutely unsuited for children.

The boy to whom I read the story is (I think) a good average specimen of the child to whom one reads aloud. He listens with rapt attention to "Robinson Crusoe," "Alice in Wonderland," "Scott's Tales of a Grandfather" (with judicious omissions), Ernest Seton Thompson's animal books, fairy tales of all kinds, and so on.

Two people rarely agree as to what children want in books. The award in question was made by one who also submitted Mr. Cutting's story to a child audience and found it listened to with the utmost interest (with the exception perhaps of the policeman paragraph, which is certainly a little out of place, although not sufficiently so to disqualify the tale—a policeman, by reason of his dread and mysterious office, striking a bliss upon any page for children). Our correspondent's criticism would perhaps be more to the point had he seen the other competitors' stories, although we consider him—as we consider everybody—as qualified to judge as the expert who made the award. In these cases nobody knows, but we all have votes.

THE "News-Sheet" of the Bibliographical Society publishes some interesting details, taken from a lecture by Mr. Falconer Madan, of the production of books by the Oxford Press. The history of printing in Oxford is comparatively easy to trace; the history of London printing, on the other hand, is too vast a subject to be dealt with exhaustively. The Oxford Press became really active in 1585. This, said Mr. Madan, was brought about by no special cause, but sprang rather from the increased social status of the University due to Elizabeth's policy. In 1625 a steady rise began, mainly due to the activity of Laud, who secured the University even greater privileges than those bestowed on Cambridge by Henry VIII. The following table gives a rough estimate of the production of books by the Press during successive half centuries:—

1585-1600	- - - - -	125
1601-1650	- - - - -	1,170
1651-1700	- - - - -	1,520
1701-1750	- - - - -	1,000
1751-1800	- - - - -	1,100
1801-1850	- - - - -	3,200
1851-1900	- - - - -	8,000

This makes the fine total of 16,000 volumes.

MR. BERNARD SHAW has been telling "T. P.'s Weekly" about the "Books of his Childhood." Mr. Shaw was naturally precocious; he has no more recollection of his

first book than of his first meal, he never remembers a time when he did not read everything that came in his way. "I seem to have been born," he says, "with a knowledge of the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'John Gilpin.'" Mr. Shaw must certainly have been a remarkable boy. Of the books of his youth he says:—

Children's books, from the accursed "Swiss Family Robinson" onwards, I always loathed and despised for their dishonesty, their hypocrisy, their sickly immorality, and their damnable dullness. My moral sense, like my literary taste, was sound.

Mr. Shaw has always been a moralist in his own way.

"PUNCH's" sketchy interview this week is with Mr. J. M. Barrie. It opens thus:—

We found Mr. Barrie by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, cleaning his bonnie briar-root pipe and thoughtfully watching a yacht race.

"Jolly place," he said, "if it weren't for the Big Black Birds. Look at that one"—and he pointed out a predatory specimen with a beak full of food ravished from an adjacent perambulator: "Can you conceive anything odder and stouter? It terrifies me. Or rather," he added in a whisper, "he terrifies me. For his name is Peter Robinson. Or is it Jay?" he asked in tremulous accents.

We murmured something about the courage of a man who could stand up to fast bowling.

"Ah," said Mr. Barrie, removing his pipe and gazing at the contents of the bowl, "in some matters I am a Craven."

Mr. Barrie, it is needless to say, went home in a perambulator.

THACKERAY was noted, among his varied accomplishments, for the facility with which he could rattle off and illustrate "familiar letters" in the form of rhymed prose. An excellent unpublished specimen of his cleverness in this line is included in a collection of letters and drawings by Thackeray to be sold at Sotheby's next month. This collection was the property of the late Miss Kate Perry and her sister Mrs. Elliot (née Jane Perry), the intimate friends of Thackeray. The letter referred to runs: "Well, I thought as sure as sure could be, should find a letter from kind J. E. Pray why doesn't she write to me? I'd like to know, and if not she, where's her sister, Miss K. P.? One or other is surely free to send a line to double you tea. What is the reason? I have often said. Are Kate and Jane both ill in bed? Is that little shivering greyhound dead? or has anything possibly happened to Fred? or have they taken a friend instead, of that old fellow they've often fed (along with Venables, Clem and Sped) with a broken nose and a snowy head? Tell me, how shall the riddle be read?" In the same piece of fooling sent to Mrs. Elliot (December 1856) he mentions that he had "more than 3,000 in the City Hall in Glasgow" at his lecture.

In answer to our question concerning the books of 1902, we have received the following belated reply from the editor of "Punch": "Regret inability to signal out any 'two new books that have pleased and interested me most in 1902.' All that I have come across and read have pleased and interested—if they didn't I dropped them at the 20th page."

THERE is certainly room for a separate issue of the many songs scattered through the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, and we are glad to note that a volume is to be published containing them. Peacock's verse is always neat and pointed, and much of it is full of the delicate humour which is so characteristic of his prose.



In the "Saturday Review" of the "New York American" we read as follows:—

London laments the lack of interest in the memoirs of Kruger that men at clubs, women at their teas, passers-by on the Strand, Piccadilly, and Rotten Row avow. It is not moral not to be interested in the memoirs of Kruger. No, it is not moral, for Kruger was sure of being in the right, his piety was fervent, and every one owes to the enemies that one has undone at least attention, in all fairness. London ought to force itself to read the memoirs of Kruger. They are a bore, dreadfully. London would have much merit in reading them. What would it say if Paris, Berlin, or New York declined a penitence? Kruger's book is as tiresome as Cromwell's speeches. A letter of Charles II. to his sister is much more agreeable.

But London, apparently, does decline to read the "Memoirs." On the other hand General de Wet's book is being widely read. A large London bookseller told us the other day that it was, so far as he was concerned, the best selling book of the season. The American writer whom we have quoted says of it: "But this is another bore, dreadfully. It is not to be read, not even in dreams."

THE second number of the "World's Work" is, in some respects, better than the first. The magazine has got into its stride, and the articles hang together. The illustrations, and particularly the portraits, continue to be excellent; one of the best portraits of Mr. Balfour that we have seen faces the first page.

"THE DEFENDANT" has gone into a second edition, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton has thought well to write a defence of it. "Empheral and ever superfluous" he calls these essays, disclaiming at the same time both modesty and pride. "I had intended," the author says, "to write anonymously in some daily paper a thorough and crushing exposure of the work inspired mostly by a certain artistic impatience of the too indulgent tone of the critiques and the manner in which a vast number of my most monstrous fallacies have passed unchallenged." Mr. Chesterton does not defend his book as literature, but he defends himself against the writer of a particular review who accused him of "discouraging improvement and disguising scandals" by his offensive optimism. Mr. Chesterton says:—

At first sight it would seem that the pessimist encourages improvement. But in reality it is a singular truth that the era in which pessimism has been cried from the house-tops is also that in which almost all reform has stagnated and fallen into decay. . . . No man ever did, and no man ever can, create or desire to make a bad thing good or an ugly thing beautiful. . . . The mother washes and decks out the dirty or careless child, but no one can ask her to wash and deck out a goblin with a heart like hell. No one can kill the fatted calf for Mephistopheles.

There again Mr. Chesterton's limitations—the limitations, perhaps, of his optimism—lead him astray. For the "goblin with a heart like hell" may be and has been washed and decked by a long-enduring mother, and certainly the fatted calf is often killed for Mephistopheles. Mr. Chesterton is still too energetic in assertion. He will have to make that sojourn in the desert to which we pointed him in reviewing the book.

## Bibliographical.

THE idea embodied in the forthcoming "Temple Autobiographies" is a good one, and no doubt the promoters of the series are wise in starting with memoirs so well known as those of Cellini, Franklin, and Hans Andersen. Of

these the least hackneyed, it would seem, is Andersen's "Story of My Life," which was translated by Mary Howitt in 1847, and was again published in England in 1852. Of Franklin's autobiography, there have been of late years many reprints—one in Blackie's "Select and Home Library" in 1894, another in the "Minerva Library" in 1889, another issued by W. and R. Chambers in 1887, and yet another published by Messrs. Cassell in 1886. Farther back than that we need not go. Of Cellini's memoirs there was an English edition so recently as last year. Mr. J. A. Symond's translation, first printed in 1888, went into a third edition in the following year, and into a fourth in 1896. Thomas Roscoe's dates from 1822 (reprinted in 1846). There was a version by T. Nugent in 1771. Which will Messrs. Dent give us?

Another series of reprints to which we are told to look forward is one of "Half-Forgotten Books." This, it is said, will open with "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Jack Brag," and "Whitefriars." "Udolpho," I fancy, has not been re-issued since 1882, when it was brought out by the Routledges. It was printed in 1877 with two other stories by Mrs. Radcliffe. First published in 1794, "Udolpho" was very popular in the early part of last century, being reprinted in 1800, 1810, 1824, and so forth. The latest edition of "Jack Brag" appears to be that issued by Dicks in 1884. It was issued anonymously in 1837, and again in 1839 and 1847, but the modern editions, apparently, have not been numerous. "Whitefriars" dates from 1844, when it so took the fancy of the public that W. T. Townsend based a play upon it. The most recent edition, it would seem, is that of 1884.

The author of "Whitefriars" made no success equal to her first, though her "Whitehall" (1845) was reprinted in 1853, and translated into French in 1857. She produced, in succession, "Richelieu in Love" (1844), "Owen Tudor," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Gold Worshippers," "Cæsar Borgia," "The City Banker," "Mauleverer's Divorce," "Westminster Abbey," "Which Wins, Love or Money?" "Cynthia Thorold," "Christmas at Old Court," "Madeline Graham," "Dorothy Firebrace," and "The Armourer's Daughter" (1877). How many of these are alive to-day? Where are the snows of yester-year?

I have seen no reference, as yet, to the death the other day (at the age of ninety-one) of Dr. James Cornwell, whose educational books were at one time so much used. He is best remembered by his "Young Composer" (a guide to English composition, 1844), his "School Geography" (1847)—which reached its 63rd edition in 1870—and his "Geography for Beginners" (1858). He wrote three books with Dr. Alexander Allen—"Grammar for Beginners" (1835), "English Grammar" (1841), and "A School Grammar" (1855). He further collaborated with Sir J. G. Fitch in "The Science of Arithmetic" (1855), and "Arithmetic for Beginners" (1858).

The next volume of the "Canterbury Poets" will consist of a selection from the verse of Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton. Up to now, this writer has published some half-dozen books—"Poems and Transcripts" (1878), "Gods, Saints, and Men" (1880), "The New Medusa and Other Poems" (1882), "Apollo and Marsyas and Other Poems" (1884), "Imaginary Sonnets" (1888), "The Fountain of Youth" (a poetical play, 1891), and "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" (1894). To these has to be added a volume to which his wife (Miss Annie Holdsworth) contributed—"Forest Notes" (1899). It was "The Wingless Hours," I should say, would gave Mr. Lee-Hamilton such vogue as he enjoys.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## A Maker of English Prose.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN LYLY: now for the First Time Collected and Edited from the Earliest Quartos, with Life, Bibliography, Essays, Notes, and Index. By R. Warwick Bond. (Clarendon Press. 42s. net.)

THIS is an age of resurrection. As if despairing of fresh vital work in any quantity, and discontent with the long and brilliant bede-role of our confessed classics, critics have excavated in the past, and exhumed forgotten merit. One neglected writer after another has not only found his due (sometimes his undue) recognition, but has been edited and placed on the market. One day it was Campion, another day Vaughan. The Clarendon Press but lately had the courage and the enterprise to give us an admirable edition of the quite forgotten dramatist Kyd; and now it is the turn of the less forgotten Lyly. Mr. Warwick Bond's edition of Lyly is an entirely worthy successor to Mr. Boas's Kyd; and higher praise than this we could scarcely give it. The labour he has bestowed on it is immense. Not content with a general discussion of Lyly's work, and a special essay on the dramas, he has prefixed an essay to each play; while the mere labour of annotation, in the case of a writer so copious in allusion as Lyly, can hardly be estimated by the reader. All this prefatory work is very well done, too; indeed, it amounts really to several articles each of which might figure in one of the standard monthlies. It is a very different state of things from the old slight and light-hearted preface or introduction.

Mr. Bond is no doubt right in claiming that Lyly's historic importance to English literature has been generally neglected, or rather completely underrated. Nevertheless some twenty years ago or thereabouts, Mr. William Minto, in his excellent *Manual of English Prose Composition*, did justice to Lyly's position in the evolution of English prose; giving to his style, with excellent insight, a detailed examination which he did not accord to such a master as Sir Thomas Browne, for example. It was Lyly's fate to exercise on literature at large, both drama and prose, an influence out of all proportion to his own power; solely by virtue of his instinct for form and order. He was a born arranger and composer, in other than the musical sense. A well-trained University man, unlike so many hapless University wits who were thrown on those wits—and the town—for a living, he passed straight from the University to the Court, and a snug Secretaryship under the literary and poetic Earl of Oxford. He was thus able to devote himself in a quiet, orderly way to letters; and he took full advantage of the opportunity. His famous "Euphuës" did not so much revolutionise English literature as carry forward its development with a bound. It gained instant popularity, and especially with the Court circles. The Court beauty, we are told, who could not "parley Euphuism" was held of no account. The traditional view, of course, long was that both Euphuism and the book which made fashionable that manner of speech were examples of ridiculous affectation. "Euphuës" was judged by the parodies of its style in Shakespeare (who certainly did not undervalue it) and other contemporary writers; while if a passage from it was occasionally quoted, it was only to justify those parodies. We now recognise that "Euphuës" was very much more than an affectation; that it represented, at the time of its publication, a distinct advance in the style of English prose. Yet Mr. Bond shows that the style of "Euphuës" was not, after all, original. It was based partly on North's translation of the Spanish

bishop Guevara's "Dial of Princes"; and still more on George Pettie's "Palace of Pleasure." Pettie himself took the elements and suggestion of his style from Guevara; and Mr. Bond demonstrates by detailed examples that the "Palace of Pleasure" anticipates the style of "Euphuës" in all its features and peculiarities. It was, therefore, the other qualities of "Euphuës" which made it popular, and caused Lyly, not Pettie, to be the developing influence on English prose.

"Euphuës," to put it briefly, introduced structural finish into English prose. It taught how to compact sentences, how to write them with rhythm and elegance. Lyly's chief instrument for this, and the art which "Euphuës" first naturalised in English, was the balanced style of the Latin rhetoricians. It was balance which made Lyly's strength, and it was this, carried to excess, which also made his weakness. We thus owe to Lyly the noble balance of Sir Thomas Browne, and through Browne, the style of Johnson, which settled the mould of modern English. But to reinforce his balanced sentences Lyly adopted from Pettie other arts, of alliteration and kindred devices, for making the important words in one half of the sentence tellingly correspond with those in the other. He paid great attention to precision both in structure and language; for precision and elegance were his chief aim. His diction, accordingly, has a literary choiceness and care. To this he added an elaborate system of imagery; and it is just this that we could best spare. It is mostly drawn from an imaginary natural history, which he found in Pliny or Bartholomæus Anglicus. It is this at which Shakespeare laughs in "Henry IV.": "For though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth," &c. In addition to these more mechanical elements of his style, Lyly has a native gift of sententious shrewdness, which makes him often, as the Elizabethans would have said, "very pithy and pregnant." Of his average style almost any page will give an example. For instance:—

Thou art here in Naples a young sojourner, I an old senior, thou a stranger, I a citizen, thou secure doubting no mishap, I sorrowful dreading thy misfortune. Here mayst thou see that which I sigh to see, drunken sots wallowing in every house, in every chamber, yea, in every channel; here mayst thou behold that which I cannot without blushing behold, nor without blubbering utter, those whose bellies be their gods, who offer their goods as sacrifice to their guts: who sleep with meat in their mouths, with sin in their hearts, and with shame in their houses.

When he carries his balance, his antitheses and jingles, his unnatural history to excess, as he frequently does, he saves the parodist labour and parodies himself. But beyond its style, "Euphuës" is also the progenitor of the English novel. The story is, and is meant to be, a mere vehicle of aphoristic advice and moral reflections; but as the first attempt in its kind it has certain undoubted merits.

Mr. Bond has some right to pride himself on being the first to point out Lyly's claims as a dramatist. As he says, previous to the appearance of "Campaspe" in 1580, there was nothing approaching to a fully formed and structural drama. After the appearance of Lyly there sprang up a whole school of such drama. And he rightly shows that Lyly brought about vast improvements in construction. It is as a structural dramatist that he claims that Lyly was, more than any other, Shakespeare's master. Actual parallelisms between Lyly and Shakespeare are frequent, showing with what care the greatest of dramatists had studied this predecessor. Mr. Bond's mere catalogue of these resemblances, without quotation, extends to three pages. When, however, he gives us a list of parallel quotations, we are bound to say he casts his net too wide, as is apt to be the case when people go resemblance-hunting. Thus Lyly's Lucilla fears "that if she should yield at the first assault, he [Euphuës] would

think her a light huswife." We are asked to see a parallel passage in Juliet's:—

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world!

It is a mere common trait of woman's nature, which would come naturally to either dramatist; while there is no likeness in the expression. But such rash parallelisms are the exception. One of the most generally interesting parallels is that between Lyly's Diogenes, in "Campaspe," and Shakespeare's Timon. Diogenes, to our mind, is Lyly's best drawn character; and it is evident that Shakespeare has imitated, and heightened, his shrewd speeches in those assigned to Timon; though the higher and poetic element in Timon is all Shakespeare's own. The scene between the courtesan Laïs, with the soldier Phrygius, and Diogenes, strongly recalls the scene between the courtesans Phrynia and Timandra, with Alcibiades, and Timon. "But see Diogenes prying over his tub," exclaims the soldier, and goes on:—

Diogenes, what sayest thou to such a morsel? [*i.e.*, as Laïs].

Diog. I say, I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poison my stomach.

Phrig. Thou speakest as thou art, it is no meat for dogs.

Diog. I am a dog, and philosophy rates me from carrion.

Laïs. Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable to thy calling, the time was thou wouldst have had my company, had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear.

Diog. I remember there was a thing that I repented me of, and now thou hast told it: indeed it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to nobody.

But few of Lyly's characters stand out like this. Whatever his merits of construction, his executive gift is tame. Even over the "Endimion," which aroused Hazlitt's enthusiasm, we cannot effervesce. There is in it the material of poetry, but not poetry. A poet Lyly was not—and yet he wrote "Cupid and Campaspe." That is to us a miracle.

### Matthew Arnold as a Reader.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NOTEBOOKS. With a Preface by The Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. (Smith, Elder.)

EACH of these note-books resembled an ordinary diary into which year after year Matthew Arnold copied passages which appealed to him in his private reading. He also used to draw up a list of the books which he intended to read during the year and cross out each name in turn as he read them. He once observed that if he were to live to be eighty he would be probably the only person in England who read "anything but newspapers and scientific publications." Were he alive at the present moment his opinion as to the general tendency would assuredly remain unmodified. His influence upon his generation, seemingly slight as it was, has been followed by a reaction in the opposite direction. The world-wide gospel of "hustle" has silenced the individual protest in favour of "sweetness and light."

His success was at all times a *succès d'estime*. He who pleaded so persuasively for urbanity found himself constantly regarded as an irritant. He who was penetrated by the Greek notions of the concrete and the precise, was frequently dismissed as a visionary theorist. He whose mission it was to modify the clarion-note of British vulgarity by showing that common life was not eternally divorced from truth and beauty, was looked upon as an exclusive dilettante. His poetry probably appealed to the ordinary English mind very much as the prose of Amiel or Senancour appealed to the average Parisian. But amongst the élite he was claimed to be "the poets' poet." As a prose writer he appeared to be simply a Hellenist, and

to the vast majority of his contemporaries Hellenism meant little less than a distorted Hedonism at the worst, and mere verbal juggling at the best. He was considered the ironical enemy of Puritanism, and the Puritan heart, while it forgives lesser transgressions, is slow to pardon the supreme sin of irony.

Of course page after page, chapter after chapter, volume after volume attested the narrowness of these misconceptions, but they were powerless to dispel them. For the Philistines generally he remained a vague speculator on righteousness rather than a believer, an aesthetic trifler rather than a plain right-thinking Englishman. Yet in a blind way they knew him for what he was—a child of light, the sombre brother of Heine.

For, before all else he was a Hellenist, but a Hellenist for whom right conduct was a necessity, and a necessity not merely because it was an integral part of the beautiful. Here, distinctly, is the alien note of Hebraism, and he never attempted a synthesis of the two any more than he pleaded for either point of view as the "unum necessarium" in life. But a hint as to what that veiled side of Hellenism—that side which contained, as it were, the potentiality for Hebraism—really meant to him, may be gathered from the following passage in the "Notebooks" of 1885:—

The consciousness of the divine, which, according to universal tradition, the Greeks brought with them as a common inheritance from the seat of the Aryan races to Greece.

And no human being was more haunted by the "consciousness of the divine" than this urbane professor of poetry, who studied the English middle class in railway carriages. It was perhaps his very recognition of life as a whole, that made him so persistently conscious of a something transcending human experience. To him, living was a fine art of great technical difficulty, but he was never absorbed by its complexity. He understood, no one better, the "white light" of truth, but he was also permeated by the sensation of a quite other light. Over and over again in these "Notebooks" we find allusions to the difficulties of actual life. Over and over again we meet with passages expressing "the consciousness of the divine," as though this Hellenist were at all times conscious of two phases of the same truth, the actual and the suggested—the actual and the suggested, moreover, in their relations to each other. Here, for example, is a quotation from the notebook of him who wrote the exquisitely fastidious appreciations of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin:—

For thy sake!

A servant, with this clause,

Makes drudgery divine,

Who sweeps a room, as for God's laws,

Makes that and the action fine.

"Of immortality," he himself has written "the soul, when well employed, is incurious." But in spite of this Attic dictum these Notebooks contain more than one allusion to "La félicité du croyant."

To read the best that was written was a long-formed habit of Matthew Arnold. "It is," he is quoted in the preface as saying, "living in good company, the best company." And in these Notebooks "the best company" speak—it is surely not too fanciful to maintain it—of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the convictions and the doubts of Matthew Arnold. Hellenism transfused with something of the awe of Zion, the awe which was denied to Socrates by Carlyle, that appears to be the dominant note of this symposium just as it was the dominant note in his life. But, here, he is alone with his friends. Here there are no "young lions of the 'Daily Telegraph'" to goad him to ironical reprisals. The British Philistine is no longer his persistent companion; the British Philistine, honoured in the most exclusive society, is debarred from this.



All is calm. It is the austere tone of Aurelius that pervades these pages. There is little of persuasive banter about them, very little of Socratic insistence. The side-issues have no place here. The Greek tragedians speak the wisdom of life as they understood it, that is of life overshadowed by an all-controlling necessity. Plato and Aristotle utter their august warnings. Epictetus advises as to the steadfast endurance of the burden. Cicero and Quintilian contribute their sonorous comments. From Old and New Testament alike passages are constantly quoted. Dante and Milton, Emerson and Franklin, Vauvenargues and Voltaire are all consulted. Goethe and Heine are quoted, as are also George Sand and Renan. Here no mean thought can find life, for the questions are the supreme questions of the soul—how to live worthily and to die nobly in the face of the profound mystery which is over all. The passage which he had chosen for the very day of his death is from Ecclesiasticus xxxviii., "Weep bitterly over the dead, as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself; drive heaviness away; thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself."

### A Master of Dovetailing.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. By Austin Dobson. *English Men of Letters*. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

WE had occasion to say, a little while since, that Mr. Dobson had never done his great gifts justice. The modest book before us goes some distance towards disproving that assertion, for in its way it is masterly, not only as biography, but as criticism. A little in the minor key perhaps; we should be grateful now and then for a slashing phrase or the sound of a mighty wind; but exquisite in its patient unfolding of the story of the man Richardson and his books, and as deft a piece of dovetailing as one could wish. We have often, in reading Mr. Dobson, laid the volume aside (whatever it was) to marvel at the amount of study that he must have devoted—the hundreds of obscure time-worn pages he must have perused and remembered—to fit him to write the simple, quiet and informing sentences beneath our eye. Only literary men somewhat in his own line of business can rightly estimate Mr. Dobson's thoroughness and gift of piecing together.

His "Richardson" displays this mosaic quality to perfection. We say mosaic, and yet that is wrong; for there is no sense of broken surface although the paving material has been drawn from a thousand sources. Certainly it would be impossible for Richardson to have a better Master of Ceremonies to proclaim his worth; and this volume, we think (in defiance of publishers' etiquette), should be furnished with an announcement of the new issue of Richardson's novels which Messrs. Chapman and Hall are putting forth under Mr. Dobson's guidance—since it is only too easy for even a bookish person to go through a long life and never find himself in the presence of "Clarissa," "Pamela," or "Sir Charles Grandison." Probably the works of no English novelist of equal fame so rarely confront one in second-hand shops. And this suggests to us that a list of the best current editions of the authors in the "English Men of Letters" series might very sensibly be added to each book.

We are not all Richardsonians; and there are who will say that Mr. Dobson has made Richardson's life more interesting than that worthy man made Miss Harriet Byron's. Be that as it may, Mr. Dobson has thrown over ourselves a soft enchantment from which we escaped only with an effort. We remember nothing more pleasantly lulling than his account of this purring little printer in his blue-stockinged harem. A literary lady of the last century but one is meat and drink to Mr. Dobson, and he keeps us always sedately mirthful in her company.

When, by the way, is he going to tackle the Swan of Lichfield?

We quote a good passage concerning Richardson's genius:—

But if, as we think, Richardson's popularity with the public of the circulating library is never likely to revive again, his popularity is certain with the few—with those who, like Horace Walpole, either read what nobody else does, or, like Edward FitzGerald and Dr. Jowett, read only what takes their fancy. He must always find readers, too, with the students of literature. He was the pioneer of a new movement; the first certificated practitioner of sentiment; the English Columbus of the analytical novel of ordinary life. Before him, no one had essayed in this field to describe the birth and growth of a new impression, to show the ebb and flow of emotion in a mind distraught, to follow the progress of a passion, to dive so deeply into the human heart as to leave—in Scott's expressive words—"neither head, bay nor inlet behind him until he had traced its soundings, and laid it down in his chart, with all its minute sinuosities, its depths and shallows." Added to this, there was a something in his nervous, high-strung constitution—a feminine streak, as it were—which made him an unrivalled anatomist of female character. He seems to have known women more intimately and instinctively than any deceased author we can recall, and he has written of them with an interest, a patience, a discrimination, and a sustained power of microscopic inquiry which no author has surpassed. And they deserved it, for he was also deeply indebted to them. "Knowing something of the female heart," he tells Pastor Stinström, "I could not be an utter stranger to that of man." The phrase betrays more than he intended. He knew women; and through women he got his knowledge of men, with its concomitant defects. What Hazlitt calls his "strong matter-of-fact imagination" did all the rest.

It would be interesting to know who is the living novelist that Mr. Dobson seems to conceive surpasses or equals Richardson in knowledge of the female heart; for his use of the word "deceased" suggests that he makes that reservation.

Elsewhere Mr. Dobson says that Richardson had "all the traditional virtues of the 'Complete English Tradesman'; and had he died at fifty, would have deserved no better epitaph." It is surely unique for a man to be printer until fifty and a genius afterwards. Whether unique or not, it should be very encouraging to printers.

### Ariel and Miranda.

JOURNAL OF EDWARD ELLERKER WILLIAMS. With an Introduction by Edward Garnett. (Elkin Matthews.)

IN an hour of avowed dejection Shelley wrote:—

For I am one  
Whom men love not—and yet regret.

He was loved better than he knew, better, at any rate than in his most introspective moods he was willing to acknowledge. He was not an easy friend; with his passion for an idealized humanity he suffered crucifixions of spirit in which those who loved him best could only stand afar off. Yet he had many social gifts, and two years later than the Naples stanzas from which we have quoted, he was the centre of a little group at Pisa where he was, in Mr. Buxton Forman's words, "more or less idolized by a select few." That circle was enlarged in January, 1821, by the arrival of John Ellerker Williams, with his wife and child. He was introduced to Shelley by the poet's cousin, Thomas Medwin, with whom he had been soldiering in India. He was soon on terms of the most kindly intimacy with the Shelley household, an intimacy which lasted unbroken to the end.

In October, 1821, Williams began to write his journal, which he continued in a rather desultory manner till within four days of his death. It is now published in full for the first time, with an introduction by Dr. Garnett.



The journal gives us interesting glimpses of an unsettled Italy in which a servant might be recommended for his willingness to knife his master's obnoxious acquaintances; but its real value consists in its records of Shelley. Day after day it is—"the Shelleys dined here," "walked with Jane and Mary," and so forth. Williams had the ambition, futile enough, of being a dramatic poet, but he seems to have had a very real and sound literary sense, and was able to enter into Shelley's work and ideals with sufficient enthusiasm to make him a willing amanuensis. He writes:—

As a poet Shelley is certainly the most imaginative of the day, and if he applied himself to human affections, he would be the greatest. His greatest fault is ignorance of his own worth. He asked me yesterday what name he should fix to the tragedy he is now engaged with. I proposed *Hellas*, which he will adopt. I mention the circumstance as I was proud at being asked the question, and more so that the name pleased him.

This was in October. In November Byron came to Pisa, and life there grew more exciting. We have Williams shooting skylarks (in spite of Shelley's Ode), and we hear of his having a long argument (with Byron) about women. Then began the pistol practice, which seems to have absorbed most of Williams's attention, till on December 3 it reached a climax in the solitary entry, "S. hits the half-crown." The record of the fact that on one occasion he and Shelley "played at billiards almost the whole day" gives one rather an unexpected picture of the most ethereal of poets. One is apt to forget that Shelley was a manly fellow—with men, and that, besides hitting the half-crown, he was capable of presenting his pistol at the head of an obtuse coastguard. No doubt, however, his poetry was better than his billiards.

Under the date January 26, 1822, we read: "S. sent us some beautiful but too melancholy lines ('The serpent is shut out from Paradise,' &c.)." Mr. Buxton Forman assigns the verses to 1821. They have, however, all the look of an impromptu, almost a letter, in which Shelley expressed to his "happy friends" a feeling too delicate to be conveyed in any other way. In this connection it is interesting to turn to a letter written by Shelley to Horace Smith the very day before Williams received the poem. The letter contains a request to Smith to "buy a good pedal harp. . . . I suppose that from seventy to eighty guineas would cover it, and I trust to your accustomed kindness, as I want it for a present, to make the immediate advance, as if I were to delay, the grace of my compliment would be lost." The letter continues:—

Our party at Pisa is the same as when I last wrote. Lord B. unites us at a weekly dinner, when my nerves are generally shaken to pieces by sitting up contemplating the rest making themselves vats of claret, &c., till three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps those shaken nerves account for the poem and the intention expressed in—

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer.

But the withdrawal from an intimacy with Jane Williams, of which his shaken nerves were making him afraid, was to be atoned for by the present of a pedal harp. Neither purpose was carried out, for Shelley saw more, not less, of his friends from that time, and the gift became a guitar, the subject of an immortal poem. There is not a word about the guitar in our journal, nor any reference to the other poems addressed to Jane. Williams knew and loved his wife; he knew and loved Shelley. There was to be no jealousy, no separation:—

For by permission and command  
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
Of more than ever can be spoken.

So, while the little yacht, their joint venture, was being built for them at Genoa, Williams was content that Jane should be his friend's "Magnetic Lady," relieving by her

touch (as Medwin had been the first to do) those mysterious pains which Shelley so often suffered. No one by this time understood the situation better than Shelley, as we may gather from the words he puts into the lady's mouth:—

Sleep, sleep on! I love thee not;  
But when I think that he  
Who made and makes my lot,  
As full of flowers as thine of weeds,  
Might have been lost like thee,  
And that a hand which was not mine  
Might then have charmed his agony  
As I another's—my heart bleeds  
For thine.

The "Lines written in the Bay of Lerici," one of the very last, one of the very loveliest of the minor poems, were inspired by the Magnetic Lady.

The story of Shelley's end, that terrible "sea-change," has been often told. In the Journal we follow an unconscious record of what now appears as the footsteps of fate. The removal of both families to the Casa Magni, the house on the beach at Lerici, in April, was soon followed by the arrival of the new boat, at first named the "Don Juan," then rechristened the "Ariel." Then comes a visit from Byron's "Bolivar," and a week later "Shelley hears from Hunt that he is arrived at Genoa." With the first favourable breeze (July 1) Shelley and Williams weighed for Leghorn, "a run of forty-five to fifty miles in seven hours and a half." Next day Williams was presented to Hunt, and Shelley had with him the two men who perhaps knew and loved him best. Shelley accompanied Hunt to Byron's house at Pisa, and there, on July 4, wrote two letters, one to his wife, the other to Mrs. Williams:—

How soon those hours passed, and how slowly they return, to pass so soon again, perhaps for ever, in which we have lived together so intimately, so happily! Adieu, my dearest friend! I only write these lines for the pleasure of tracing what will meet your eyes. Mary will tell you all the news.  
S.

On the same day at Leghorn Williams made the last entry in his journal. It is this:—

Fine. Processions of priests and religiosi have for several days been active in their prayers for rain; but the gods are either angry or nature is too powerful.

Four days later, Shelley having rejoined him, they set sail for home against the advice of friends. The rain the priests had prayed for came in that disastrous hurricane.

### A Christian Apology.

REASON AND REVELATION. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A., D.D. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a work upon Christian apologetics which is marked by clearness, moderation, and a most happy aptness of illustration, and the author is one who comes to his task with adequate knowledge of the position and resources of his opponents. The book is particularly opportune at a moment when the religious public, having been startled by the admissions of certain leaders of the Church that their sacred books are probably full of mistakes, has been panic-stricken at the mere allegation that the Dean of Ripon casts doubts on the Virgin Birth of Christ and the Resurrection, two doctrines which, even if they be not necessary to the salvation of humanity, are certainly corner-stones of the Creed that Sunday by Sunday the clergyman expects his congregation to repeat after him.

Christian apologists, from the earliest Fathers of the Church, have always paid human reason the compliment of an appeal, though they have often refused to accept judgment until compelled. Hence, from one point of view, the history of Christian dogma is a history of removing one excrescence after another. Within living memory the Bible has lost its character as the official guide to science, and even the Archbishop of Canterbury will admit

that, however little Darwin knew of the descent of man, the authors of the Pentateuch knew less. Now at last comes this alleged denial on the part of a leading churchman of the initial miracles of the Christian dispensation. The general belief that a churchman could doubt the miraculous birth and the miraculous rising of Christ is significant. It means that Christians are about to face the question whether there is anything supernatural about their religion; whether it is the result of a great human intelligence or whether it has divine authority. In fact, is there a revelation?

The time is therefore ripe for an apologist such as Dr. Illingworth. We can but sketch the line of his argument, which never consciously shirks a difficulty. How do we reach God—being men? Dr. Illingworth gives, in a few pages, a summary of the four philosophers who have influenced modern thought, a summary that could hardly be surpassed in lucidity: Kant, Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Lotze. Then comes a passage which is crucial:—

Any attempt to understand the universe presupposes that it is intelligible, which means, as we have already seen, that it is akin to our own mind. We demand, for example, a unity among all the multiplicity of phenomena; a principle that shall link past and present, near and distant things together, and maintain stability beneath their change . . . and as we, each of us, thus unify our own microcosm or miniature world, so we postulate a similar principle in the universe at large, as the necessary condition of its being that united whole which its very name implies.

Thus we arrive at God as the intelligence behind the universe. But it is a postulate, and we ourselves gave the name which implies a united whole! Dr. Illingworth then, under the influence of Kant's "Practical Reason," proceeds to show that as the human intellect demands something corresponding in the universe, so the practical reason—the moral side of man—demands some infinite morality as its justification, and as desire implies the possibility of fulfilment there must exist this all-wise, all-moral God. Moreover it is reasonable to assume that if the human soul goes out in longing to God—and few human souls have lacked that experience—it may be assumed that God is equally yearning for association with his creatures. And assuming this, there is no reason to disbelieve in the Divine Incarnation as a descent of God to meet the ascent of man. It must be noted, however, that the underlying assumption here is that the existence of a desire implies the possibility of its fulfilment.

But if we assume—and admit—that God may speak to us in wondrous ways, we have still to ask if He spoke then and in that way. Dr. Illingworth falls back on faith:—

We act on trust from morning to night; trust in the laws of nature, trust in the competence of our teachers or advisers, trust in the integrity of our commercial correspondents, trust in the love of our friends.

It is the argument of the Sunday School. You trust your father on earth, why not trust your father in Heaven? The obvious answer is that your father on earth is often a fool and occasionally a rogue, and you do wrong to trust him. You require some reasonable reason before you give your confidence. You require considerable proof before believing in a physiological assertion which has no precedent, and our spiritual leaders are whittling away that proof. Perhaps after all the spiritual welfare of the human race does not depend on a physiological anomaly.

### A Work of Imagination.

THE SHROUD OF CHRIST. By Paul Vignon. Translated from the French. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

He must have been an ingenious rogue, the fellow who in the thirteenth century or thereabouts fabricated the Shroud. This large handsome book, with its nine photogravure and

collotype plates and its multitude of illustrations, does at least prove that.

It was his aim to produce a shroud bearing in its tissue a portrait of Christ. So he procured a strip of linen, in length somewhat more than double the stature of a man. This, he pretended, was laid beneath the corpse in such a manner that one end of the linen was beneath the feet while the head lay on the middle; the free half was brought forward over the face and drawn down over the front of the body so as to cover it to the feet. The corpse lay thus sandwiched between two layers of linen. Now, if the body could transmit to the linen any colouring matter at the points where the two were in contact, it is clear that the result upon the linen would be a double impression of front and back, in which the prominent parts—the nose, the lips, the breasts, the abdomen, the knees, the feet; and at the back the shoulders, the buttocks, the calves, the heels, and in a fainter degree the lines of the less prominent parts—would produce, not altogether a portrait, but an interesting trace, at least, of the body that had been folded there. Quite good enough, you would have supposed, for a dark-age congregation.

But this unknown gentleman worked for posterity. He was a man for whom his own miracle-mongering day was not good enough: it was altogether *trop bête*. The nineteenth was the century he had in his provident mind. So (really this seems the likeliest hypothesis, and it has the merit of being our own) he laid hold upon a handsome Jew—they were not popular, and nobody minded—and stripped him, and flogged him with a scourge of numerous lashes loaded with lead; he buffeted his face so that one cheek was handsomely swollen; then he crucified him, and by way of *coup de grace* thrust a lance into his side. He took down the body and wrapped it, as aforesaid, in the linen which he had been careful to impregnate with aloes. Because he knew, this prophetic genius, that the fumes of ammonia given off by the deposit of the sweat left upon the body of a human being in agony of pain must so darken a cloth thus prepared, in proportion to the proximity of the flesh, as to produce a negative portrait of delicately-shaded gradations. The full beauty of the composition could not be appreciated by his contemporaries, of course. But he was content to receive but partial recognition in his lifetime, because he was well aware that within six centuries or so photography was bound to come along, and that that would show up all the merits of his plan by reversing its results into a positive.

We say that this hypothesis of preternatural foresight smiles upon us because it seems, on the whole, so far more probable than that, paint-brush in hand, any man of the age when the Shroud makes its first historic appearance should have defied all the conventions of his day and have anticipated the anatomical accuracy of our own. That tradition, for instance, drove nails through the hands, while our artist shows the wrists transpierced; and the instep, not the midmost of the foot. Mediaeval pictures of the flagellation show the body clothed symmetrically with holly-berries, and the Shroud shows trickles diverted hither and thither by wrinkles, leading to clots shaped like craters as, in fact, when the red corpuscles have coagulated round the outer edge, the evaporation of the serum leaves the middle of the clot depressed. These, with a hundred other astonishing trifles that you may study in detail in this eminently sane and logical monograph, combine to make the Holy Shroud of Turin unique, not only among the Shrouds which in various cities have claimed a like sanctity, but among the frauds of the world.



## Other New Books.

MY LIFE AND WORK. By Samuel Smith, M.P. (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.)

WE are indeed a serious people and we take ourselves seriously. One must admire Mr. Samuel Smith, therefore, as the embodiment of a national characteristic. He is really a good man. Always he is on the side of the real right thing, and the real right thing he pursues with a spirit that neither the malice of the naughty man nor the ridicule of the light man has been effectual to quench. And now, by way of rest and refreshment during a period of sickness, when he has already reached the Psalmist's term, he has committed to writing his reminiscences of his doings with the minuteness and precision of a self-recording angel.

This book, we roughly reckon, contains a quarter of a million words. It comprises, besides family matters, an account of the public affairs in which Mr. Samuel Smith took part, together with reports of the speeches that he has made both in and out of Parliament, and choice passages from the pamphlets that he has written. Everything, in a word, that anyone can want to know about Mr. Samuel Smith will be found here, including his views on Indian famines, the character of Mr. Gladstone (with the age at which a man should retire from public life), bimetallism, the economy of Henry George, the theology of Prof. Drummond, the condition of Ireland, the evils of clericalism, the corruption of juvenile morals, the frank impropriety of midnight Piccadilly. Why do we write in this frivolous tone? We, no less than Mr. Samuel Smith, are on the side of angelic purity, and of temperance in the use of alcoholic stimulants; we think that on these, as on some other of the theories we have loosely indicated above, he talks like a sensible man of practice. We take shame to ourselves, in fact, that we have somewhat less than he of that forthright determination to do battle on the side of Michael which is, after all, the right spirit. "Dissenters—oh, I can't abide 'em!" (do you remember Wyndham?)—"but, hang it, you know, they saved England." That seems to picture our frame of mind in the moment of snapping together the boards of Mr. Samuel Smith's autobiographical essay. But we reopen it at page 17, which, to the initiated, may perhaps convey a certain apology for our attitude. About some Bill that bore upon the cotton trade he writes: "At each stage strong opposition was offered to the speculative and 'demoralizing changes,' as they were then styled, but nothing could stop 'the Rake's Progress' downward (if I may be allowed a joke) . . ."

A joke!

RUSKIN ON PICTURES: A Collection of Criticisms by John Ruskin not heretofore Reprinted, and now Re-edited and Re-arranged. (George Allen.)

THIS is the first of the two volumes which are to contain Ruskin's catalogues and other notes on modern pictures. The volume before us is devoted to Turner, and is divided into three sections: the first two contain Ruskin's notes on the Turner pictures in the National Gallery, and the third consists of "Notes by Mr. Ruskin on his Drawings by Turner, and on his own Handiwork illustrative of Turner." The first section deals with Turner's oil pictures, and is a reprint of the last edition (1857) of the Catalogue written by Ruskin for the Marlborough House Exhibition of 1856. The section dealing with Turner's water-colours is taken from three pamphlets, two of which were printed in 1857, and the third in 1881.

It is too late in the day to discuss Ruskin's attitude towards Turner; he did for a great painter more than literature ever did before or is likely to do again. For these notes are literature; again and again in turning

over the pages we find ourselves reading on not because we want to know particularly what the writer thought about a particular picture, but because we are caught by the expression of the thought. One of Ruskin's greatest weaknesses as a critic makes him most interesting as a writer. He had a passion for reading meaning into art of which that art was entirely unconscious; he ran symbolism to death, but in doing it he wrote immortal prose. This generation admits the fact, and takes the prose for what it is worth. Yet often we feel that he was entirely right, and to read these notes is to be conscious that when Ruskin died his mantle descended upon no other. Take this from the conclusion of his note on "The fighting 'Téméraire'":—

We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage-garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know that the night-dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old "Téméraire."

We are impressed once more in running through this volume by Ruskin's extraordinary and continuous effort after appreciation and perfection. No man ever worked more passionately and more sincerely; the pity is that passion and sincerity so often go astray.

DOVEDALE REVISITED, WITH OTHER HOLIDAY SKETCHES. By "The Amateur Angler." (Sampson Low. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT was not until he was aged "three score years and a little more" that the author of this pleasant book went fishing. That was over twenty years ago. On becoming acquainted with these facts, which are revealed in the prefatory note, one is naturally curious to discover what progress the author made in the art of angling and in that of recording his experiences. In both he has been remarkably successful. "A. A." is in a very real sense superior to the flight of time. His sport and his vivacity in recounting it have steadily improved since his first outing on the Dove. Indeed, he is growing younger year by year. There is a certain old-fashioned, stately, slightly stilted manner in the chapters written at the time, which deal with Dovedale, chapters considerably eked out by quotations from the classics, which are obviously the work of an elderly gentleman; but the latter half of the work, at the close of which we find "A. A." cheerfully sitting down to an evening meal after a day on a trout-stream in the Isle of Wight, at the time of the Coronation Naval Review, is as lively as the writing of a youthful and vigorous war correspondent. Nor has "A. A." the slightest thought of retiring either from sport or from letters. In September last year he had a day on a stretch of the Teme, which was extraordinarily well-stocked with grayling. "I would describe the place, the river and scenery," he says; "but that would be telling, and I must not give even a hint, on penalty of not getting another ticket." Frequently we come upon a passage of equally ingenuous boyishness: until, this very year as ever was, "A. A." is battling with a three-pound trout on the Lea, resolutely bent upon having it preserved for decoration of the Fly-Fishers' Club in the Haymarket. There can be no doubt that fly-fishing is a secret of perpetual youth. In Fife there dwells a man, George Thompson, who has fished in the Eden during nigh ninety years. For several generations George was very quiet, merely passing the time of day with any other angler whom he chanced to meet by the banks of the stream; but suddenly, on the occasion of a recent monarchical festival, he made a speech so eloquent that it electrified the burgesses, and is destined to become historical. "A. A." is such another as George Thompson.



In boyhood, when about fifty, George brought himself up on "Tait's Magazine," which was a periodical of brave spirit and fine style. In the adolescence of his ninth decade, "A. A." is writing most promisingly in the same vein. His book is prettily illustrated.

**AFFAIRS OF WEST AFRICA.** By Edmund D. Morel. (Heinemann.)

MR. MOREL is well-known as an expert in West African matters, and his book is opportune and sound. The public is still curiously indifferent to West African affairs, though fortunately the marked apathy of Government has given place to some sort of reasonable interest. No doubt there was reason for public indifference; indeed, indifference often turned to hatred, for the white West African death-roll was always, and still is, terribly full. Sanitation, however, and reasonable care, may do much. The chapter contributed to this volume by Major Ronald Ross points out with the utmost clearness the direction which sanitary reform should take. But West Africa will never rank with other great colonizing grounds. Mr. Morel writes:—

It will, I think, be conceded that . . . the chances of British West Africa ever becoming a possession where English men and women can flourish and multiply, is excessively remote; so remote, indeed, as to be outside the sphere of useful discussion. . . . The dominion of British West Africa must . . . be regarded not in the light of a colony properly so called, but as a vast tropical estate.

Mr. Morel summarises for us both the history and commercial possibilities of West Africa, deals broadly with the native question in all its aspects, and suggests reasonable means of development. The sections dealing with "The French in West Africa" and "Monopoly in West Africa" are particularly interesting. The author tells once more the history of the Congo State and its brutal and miserable methods. It is a shameful story, so shameful that even authenticated facts hardly make it credible. One always lays aside such a book as this with the feeling that our English treatment of natives, imperfect as it is, is founded upon some sort of justice and appreciation. No one having any kind of interest in West African affairs can afford to neglect Mr. Morel's excellent and comprehensive book.

**A HAMLET IN OLD HAMPSHIRE.** By Anna Ler Merritt. (Kegan Paul.)

ANOTHER village and garden chronicle. One would think, considering how often the amateur author attacks this subject, that the general opinion is that it is the easiest kind of book to write. Perhaps it is—when done indifferently; but done as it should be, nothing is much more difficult. Mrs. Merritt with the brush in her hand is a very bold and clever artist, but we cannot extend the same praise to her literary efforts. She lacks the temperament for this kind of book—found in perfection in Miss Mitford—and she seems to us to lack sympathy too. As a description of the English Hampshire for Mrs. Merritt's friends in New Hampshire in America, the book may serve; but the English reader will find little to interest him in its pages. Small beer chronicles must be assisted by more charm than Mrs. Merritt has infused to make them readable.

**WIT AND WISDOM OF MODERN WOMEN WRITERS.** Selected and arranged by Frances Tyrrell-Gill. (Grant Richards.)

THE compiler has here brought together a collection of extracts selected, on the whole, with greater care and a nicer literary sense than are commonly brought to such a task. Prefixed to the gleanings from each writer is a brief introduction "designed to indicate briefly the development of each author's thought, and the distinctiveness of her mental outlook." The variety of the writers laid under contribution strikes one with the sense of incongruity

which one always feels on looking into a mixed birthday book. Thus we have selections from Mrs. Meynell and Miss Marie Corelli, from Miss Katherine Tynan and John Oliver Hobbes. Although this is, as we have said, a better book than most of its kind, we hardly see that it serves any really useful purpose. Snippets of prose are even less satisfactory than snippets of verse, and they seldom send readers to the authors' full work.

"House Mottoes and Descriptions: Old and New" (Elliot Stock), by S. F. A. Cauldfield, is an interesting and suggestive compilation. The author has collected house mottoes and descriptions from London and the English counties as well as from Scotland and Ireland. There is also a collection of foreign inscriptions, and many examples from bells, sundials, organs, and so on. Amongst the most remarkable of mural inscriptions were surely the following, which decorated the north, south, east, and west gates of the ancient city of Galway:—

From the ferocious O'Flahertys,  
Good Lord, deliver us!  
From the devilish O'Dalys,  
Good Lord, defend us!  
From the cut-throat O'Kellys,  
Good Lord, save and keep us!  
From the murderous O'Maddens,  
Good Lord, preserve us!

This is the season when reference books begin to appear upon our table; they are the tribute which time past pays to the present, as well as the tribute which the present pays to the continuity of things. Who doubts that we shall have a year 1903? Certainly not the editors and publishers of "Who's Who," "Debrett," "Whitaker's Almanack," and other of the many publications which supply condensed facts. "Who's Who" for 1903 follows the familiar lines; new names are included, and some names which appeared last year have passed into the brief record of "Obituary."—"Debrett" continues to grow. Honours have increased, and "Debrett" has added two hundred pages to its current issue. The South African War caused much additional work, involving 75,000 different references. "Debrett" may now be obtained in a thin paper edition.—"The Englishwoman's Year Book" ranges over every kind of subject, from technical education to postal information and amateur orchestras.—"Whitaker's Almanack" remains "Whitaker's Almanack," which is to say that it is an invaluable reference book. It, too, is slightly increased in size; some sections have been condensed to make room for matters of current importance, and others have been enlarged.—"Whitaker's Peerage" again, has grown in bulk, mainly owing to the historical notes which have been added to the older Peerages.—The sixth edition of "The International Directory of Book-sellers" is just what its title indicates. It is a pity that the editor should set the bad example of a split infinitive in his preface.

NEW EDITIONS: We are glad to welcome a new edition of Grattan's "Adventures with the Connaught Rangers, 1809-1814" (Arnold). The present editor, Mr. Charles Oman, says of the author: "He had a very considerable talent for describing battles. . . . His accounts of Ferentes D'Oñoro, Salamanca, and, above all, of the storm and sack of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, are admirable." The third volume of "The Cabinet of Irish Literature" (Gresham Publishing Company) includes familiar as well as unfamiliar names. The selection is, on the whole, admirable. A portrait of Charles Lever serves for frontispiece. But Charles Lever was not an Irishman—a fact so surprising that popular belief still refuses to accept it. We have also received the sixth volume of the beautiful Edinburgh edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" (Jack), and the concluding four volumes of Messrs. Smith Elder's thin paper edition of "Browning."

## Fiction.

THE REFLECTIONS OF AMBROSINE. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth and Co.)

WHEN Ambrosine was a little girl, as she was sitting in the garden with her grandmamma, a fat, hairy caterpillar dropped upon her neck and made her scream. Grandmamma was very angry, and explained that such noises were vulgar—a member of the aristocracy should always have her flesh under control. She made Ambrosine let the caterpillar crawl over her arm, and though at first she was nearly mad with horror, custom gradually deadened the sensation. It remained disagreeable, but she could contemplate it without emotion. On the same principle, later on, Ambrosine's grandmamma made her marry a rich young man who revolted her. This did not appear to be at all beneath the dignity of the true aristocrat. The rules Ambrosine was taught were as follows:—

For morals, it seems one may do as one pleases, as long as one behaves like a lady. And for religion, the first thing is to conform to the country one lives in, and to conduct oneself with decency. And philosophy seems to settle everything in life, and enables one to take the ups and downs of fate, the good and the bad, with a smiling face.

With these principles, and with a husband she loathed, Ambrosine was sent out into the world as Mrs. Glyn depicts it—fortunately, it is only a small section of the world after all. Her adventures are treated much as those of Elizabeth were, but without the snap and piquancy which characterised that vivacious young person. Mrs. Glyn has tried to be sentimental over the high-born Ambrosine de Calincourt, but she would do better to keep to the flippancy which alone makes her point of view an interesting one. It is the point of view of a worldly woman, to whom nothing should be serious, and who should touch but lightly on grave questions. Amusing and light-hearted improprieties, written for men and women of the world, are well enough in their way, if the way is redeemed by wit. But deeper things require deeper treatment, and the great forces of life should not be illustrated by these brainless puppets. The suggestion, too, that refined vice is preferred by persons of taste to honest vulgarity requires more than a novel to establish it. Parts of "The Reflections of Ambrosine" are amusing enough. Parts descend to an absurd sentimentality—as, for instance, where the heroine falls in love with a man whose "brown hair crimps nicely, and is rather grey above the ears."

GLENGARRY DAYS. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THIS is a school story—or rather a series of school sketches—which will rather astonish the English reader who has experienced only an English public school, and had but vague reports of the English Board School. The school is out in the Twentieth Section, in the backwoods of Canada, where the forest continually tempts the boy away from book-learning; where the periodical examination is conducted by the serious parents and the minister. For at this outpost of civilisation they are serious Scotsmen mainly, who bring out "the books" after supper, and occasionally drop into Gaelic in moments of emotion. It is a place, too, where the boys and girls and infants are all educated together, sometimes by a master, and sometimes by a maid. The maid makes for degeneration, we gather. Even in the backwoods you see the first stirrings of sex when the choosing of partners for the spelling match begins. Ranald Macdonald was the best speller in the school. It was Margaret's call. "And do you think she would have called Ranald Macdonald to come and stand up beside her before all those boys? Not for the glory of winning the match and carrying the medal for a

week." They are a God-fearing, hard-fisted colony in that Canadian outpost. When a teacher catches their fancy, they worship him; when he does not reach the local standard of honour and efficiency, the boys knock him down and tie him up. Mr. Connor has given us a very pleasant series of studies of boys and their teachers, which convinces us that, however conditions vary, the British boy is much alike all the world over.

LESLIE FARQUHAR. By Rosaline Masson. (John Murray. 6s.)

THE plot of this story is extremely simple, and contains few exciting situations or developments. But the book is very life-like, and life-like because of this absence of all extraordinary entanglements. Existence normally maintains, except at rare intervals, or in rare cases, an almost monotonous outward continuity. It is possible, of course, to take a person's life at the crucial, and in a sense abnormal period, when events for a short time are rapid, and full of surprises and complications. Nevertheless an after re-action is inevitable. Things continue to happen, only not with the same intensity, and more, as it were, occasionally. "Leslie Farquhar" is a girl's very ordinary love story, with no uncommon qualities. It is just the kind of episode that occurs with a pathetic frequency in the lives of women before life has had time to teach the necessary disillusion and comprehension, and its interest in the book is almost subordinate to the development of personalities and to the conveyance of some very vivid out of door impressions. The writing is restrained and observant. We quote a typical paragraph, as it gives an excellent idea of the immense divergence between the influence of town and country upon temperament:—

When you saw thousands of people every time you went outside you lost your fear of them and your respect for them. Here, where you could walk for miles and only meet one solitary mole-catcher, he was a person of vast importance in your day's work. You mentioned him at luncheon, and you remembered him and his appearance and the exact spot in the road where you met him, and you speculated about him and whence he came.

The story is to some extent spoilt, however, by a vague and incomprehensible ending. Readers naturally demand an end to a book of fiction, for after all every event in life has some termination, and its termination is the fitting close of any attempt to deal with it—not a moment of uncertainty and indefiniteness somewhere in the middle.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A CANNY COUNTRY SIDE.

By JOHN HORNE.

This book is as Scotch as the title suggests. The author attempts to do for Knockdry what Mr. Barrie has done for Thrums. The following passage illustrates the critical exclusiveness of this community: "One Sabbath settled him. He might stand for bulk in the imagination of folks in the witless south, from whence he sprang, but he was only a feather to tickle Knockdry. He was winnoed at a confab of authorities at the tail of the hill-road the night after." (Olipphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 5s.)

THE LITTLE COLONEL.

By MINA DOYLE.

The title of this book has apparently no association with *le petit Caporal* who made a new map of Europe. The little Colonel is a nice English girl, named Dorothy, who marries Colonel Dorrien, the man who was supposed to be unlikely to "take the trouble to marry." (Sands and Co. 6s.)



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## Poets : Made, Not Born.

R. L. STEVENSON, we all remember, whether from deliberate conviction or in a fit of that spleen which sometimes leads the literary bird to foul his own nest, said that all writers of purely artistic literature—novelists, poets, and the like—as distinguished from “useful” writers, were mere “sons of joy”; idle, futile fellows, doing the thing they enjoyed doing instead of working for the good of the community; and that butcher, baker or candlestick-maker was a better citizen, more deserving of public recognition. If the butcher got better paid than the average “son of joy,” he deserved better pay, and the “son of joy” should think himself lucky to be supported at all—should think rather shame of himself, in fact. Such, or somewhat such, was Stevenson’s merciless “giving away” of his own craft. It would be easy to show cause against the indictment as regards the great poets; not over difficult to do so as regards great romancers, like Stevenson himself, who might appear most open to this attack from within their ranks. But if there be such “sons of joy” as Stevenson pictured in what we would fain think his atrabilious mood, such drones living on the idle honey of literature, then surely are they the amateur poets. Many of these produce poetry in place of the mischief which Satan is said to find for certain hands to do. The amount of their production is evidence less of energy than of abundant unfilled hours—time on their hands, as the phrase goes. One conceives a sonnet on their plate beside the morning bacon, an ode when there is nothing in the papers and a bore at the club. Yet we should do injustice to the amateur poet if we imagined his work to be always produced in this dilettante fashion. The mere quantity of the work in many cases signifies no small labour. In truth, there is no hard-and-fast rule for distinguishing the professional from the amateur. The possession of leisure is not a distinction. Great poetry cannot be written without abundant leisure; and one of the reasons for the decline of poetry is that most poets in our day have to write for a living. Nor yet is wealth a barrier. Shelley was a leisured aristocrat without need to work for a living; and it certainly did not mar his poetry, or relegate him to the ranks of the amateurs. Contrary to the dull old tradition, lack of pence is as like to impoverish the poetry as the poet; though the other extreme of luxury may be fatal to him. There is but one way to separate the sheep from the goats: “by their fruits ye shall know them.” The amateur is a man to whom poetry is an evitable thing; and his work in consequence too plainly is not inevitable.

These remarks have been partly prompted by the fortuitous and simultaneous reception of three stout volumes, which represent the collected work of three poets\* whom, in our judgment, it is impossible to avoid

\* Poetical Works of Dr. Walter C. Smith (Dent, 7s. 6d. net). Collected Poems, by Hon. Roden Noel (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.). Collected Poems, by Samuel Waddington (Bell, 5s. net).

classing among the amateurs of poetry. What strikes us at first observation is the mere bulk of work represented by each of these volumes. In the present day, our professional poets have learned the art and the wisdom of selection: for the most part they give us slender volumes, in which they have packed only what they conceive their best; and then (truth to say) there is usually a certain amount which it was not violently necessary to publish. But not the singers of the copious and unselective early nineteenth century gave to the world a more voluble Muse than that of any of these lesser poets. Wordsworth, singing doggedly about everything which occurred to him during a long and venerable life concentrated on poetry, was not more voluminous than the Honourable Roden Noel. Shelley, with his redundant outbreak of meteoric song, left no more ample work behind him than Mr. Walter Smith. The poetic amateur should have the sense of extraordinary power, or a lack of the humorous sense, to write in this manner. As for the work itself, take Mr. Roden Noel, who is probably the best known of the three. One finds in him a certain thoughtfulness, which is certainly not beyond the compass of any tolerably reflective and well-read man at the present day; that amount of poetic feeling common to most lovers of poetry; an enthusiasm for nature (which is nowadays as common as motor-cars); and a very good range of choice vocabulary, which is open to any man of taste with a retentive memory. What one does not find is the power of bringing those choice words into the vital and organic relation which makes them magical: it is good verse-writing, it is not poetry. Here is an example of his descriptive style:—

The mage of music, deaf to outward sound  
Rehearsing mighty harmonies within  
Waved his light wand; the full aerial tides  
Ebb'd billowing to rear of him, o'erwhelm'd  
All listening auditors, engulfed, and swept  
Upon the indomitable, imperial surge  
To alien realms, and halls of ancient awe,  
Which are the presence-chambers of dim Death:  
The grand departed haunt this mountain-sound!  
Cliffs, and ravines, and torrent-shadowing pines,  
A pomp of winds, and waters, and wild cloud,  
The enchanter raises: then the solemn scene  
Evanishing, lo! delicate soft calm  
Of vernal airs, young leaflets, and blithe birds,  
The cuckoo and the nightingale, with bloom  
Of myriad flowers, and rills, and waterfalls,  
Or sunlit rains that twinkle through the leaves,  
And odorous ruffled whirlpools of the rose.

Now, this is good description, but essentially it would have been no less good—perhaps better—in prose. And that is true of Mr. Noel’s more laboured work in general.

As a whole, his style wants distinction, compression, inevitability: the language might have been changed without damage, as poetry never can be. That is just what we might expect from so fatal a fluency. Mr. Noel reels off “important” poems of alarming length without turning a hair. It is significant that a large portion of one long poem lapses suddenly into unashamed prose. There seems no insuperable reason why a good deal more should not have taken the same form.

Mr. Samuel Waddington is best known as a sonnet-writer. Some of his sonnets have found their way into most sonnet-anthologies, and are really very fair sonnets. But inspired one can scarcely call them. Here is one of the best:—

From night to night, through circling darkness whirled,  
Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before,  
The shifting tides and the eternal shore:  
Sources of life, and forces of the world.  
Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,  
Unseen, unknown, remote for evermore:—  
To heaven-hid heights man's questioning soul would soar,  
Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled!



Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,  
 Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,  
 Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,  
 Lead now, and leave us near the realm of Truth:  
 Lo, if in dreams some truth we chanced to see,  
 Now in the truth some dreams may haply be.

However commendable this may be, a considerable volume of poems which achieve no higher mark is not a public necessity. Mr. Walter Smith, despite the diffuse quantity of work which he has produced in a busy life, whereof poetry has been merely a by-product, moves us to more respect than the others. If not specially poetic, he has the saving gift of virility. The following little poem shows something of his minor vein:—

## FAILURE.

I see the Kirk beneath the hill,  
 The tall elms rustling in the breeze,  
 The modest Mause, so calm and still,  
 The dripping of the sleepy mill  
 That hides among the nutting trees.

Low sunbeams on the meadows play,  
 The moon shows like a film of cloud,  
 A star from the red skirts of day  
 Peeps at another star far away,  
 And the hill is wrapt in a misty shroud.

A shepherd's wife comes to the door,  
 Shading her eyes with large brown hand,  
 He is away on the upland moor,  
 And nothing she sees but a kestrel soar,  
 Keen-eyed, spying far over the land.

There is no voice but the rushing rills  
 And creak of frightened pewit's wing,  
 And bleat of young lambs on the hills,  
 Heard only when a silence fills  
 The soul and all the space of things.

What made my eyes grow dim and blind?—  
 Ah, when the heart is heavy and low,  
 The beauty that on earth we find,  
 Or strain of music in the wind,  
 Shall touch it like an utter woe!

That has a certain quiet restraint of feeling and utterance which is effective. But we return to the question with which we started—why work at the best respectable is poured forth with such heedless profusion, and then collected with all the solemnity of deliberation? Amateur work it is, despite the time and labour bestowed on it. The truth is, that the very energy and laboriousness of such authors is a sign that, from the poet's standpoint, they have idled. They would have been less idle had they been less industrious. They have been "working" when they should (in Wordsworth's phrase) have—

Fed this mind of ours  
 In a wise idleness.

It was the precept of a now dead poet, that "a poet should be much greater than his poetry"; that his poetry should be a mere incident of his life—that portion of an overflowing mind (so to speak) which ran over into verse. Long quietude, during which the mind is accumulating matter, meditating on it and absorbing it into its own tissues, should precede the outburst of poetic composition. Poetry should accumulate like avalanche snows on the resting heights of the mind; and when it is up-piled to the full, like the avalanche, a chance, a cry, is sufficient to precipitate it in song. But what thus finds utterance is merely the chosen and condensed portion of the poet's slowly-gathered wisdom and emotion. When, like an electric accumulator, the mind has thus been discharged, a prolonged repose is necessary till it is again filled with power. But the bustling and conscious activity of the amateur poet, who must be writing himself out, must have the virtuous feeling that he is "working," is in direct antagonism to the true processes of poetry. It is to this

mistaken and wasteful energy that we owe the thick volumes of unessential verse which issue from the press. When all is said, it is a laborious trifling; no less trifling in reality than the dilettante work of the other species of amateur, who discharges little rills of song into an æsthetic little volume some once in two years.

## The Author and Himself.

## Turgenev and "Smoke."

M. PAUL BOURGET has compared Ivan Turgenev with George Eliot; M. de Vogüe has seen in him "quelques affinités" with George Sand. The author of "Eaux Printanières" is, indeed, in harmony with all those through whom nature utters her own unerring message. Other messages there are, but first we must listen to the mournful melody of the steppes. Then as we listen, we become conscious that another secret is being disclosed to us, the secret of the human heart. And just as there is in nature a quiet and inevitable obedience to law, so there is always something of tragic necessity in the development of this Russian's stories. His mild melancholy hovers about his creations, but he stands apart from them as though he were powerless to control their destinies. He cannot avert their doom any more than he can heal the wound of autumn, but he has an almost feminine intuition for the hidden hurt of their lives. Sombre and aloof he watches them, penetrated by the knowledge that the race of men is indeed as the race of leaves.

"Il naquit," said M. Renan, speaking before his tomb, "essentiellement impersonnel," and in this, perhaps before anything else, lies the subtle secret of his charm. Others can woo men to sorrow by playing upon their feelings, by presenting to them a picture in which pain and passion speak out their own torment. Others can show the grim horror of reality by elaborating the hideous details of life as though each page were but part of one long plea for death. Others can throw into the language of dreams the secrets of shame and fear by which some lives are poisoned.

But Ivan Turgenev attempts none of these more facile triumphs. Here is the good black earth—waiting. Here are men and women also—waiting. Beyond is limitless distance, and shadowing them all lurks the brooding genius of the centuries—waiting. And they work out their lives before us, and the sun-light comes to the good black-earth, and love comes to youth, the one naturally and inevitably as the other. The seasons glide past and so do the human lives, and for both time brings the same ravages and the same repairs. Nature smiles with the renewed confidence of spring; the laughter of a new generation banishes the ghosts of the old. All things are the same and yet all things flow; nothing perishes, but all must die.

This is the impression with which Turgenev fills our minds, and there is something overwhelmingly convincing about its effortless insistence. For always we seem to catch from his pages the whisper: "You and I, weeds or roses, what do we matter, what do we count? Be in the scale of things and do not fret. The same nature who takes us to herself will repair our loss. There is no loss and no gain." And this Virgilian melancholy arouses in us a deeper feeling of impotence than can the utterance of the most intense pessimism. This avoidance of all personal comment is more sinister in its restraint than the expression of the most biting irony. It is, indeed, the Greek secret of tragic irony, and it is perhaps in the pages of "Lisa" that it finds its most artistic expression.

Turgenev was essentially of the Occident, but the haunting refrains of the steppes followed him into the

cities of the Continent. Convinced of the uselessness of patriotic rhetoric, he lets us see that his sympathies are with civilization, but he remains an impassive observer of the drama of life. He never substitutes for the irresistible movement of nature the little tricky machinery of the artisan who, as though it were a matter of choice, would fashion life anew after this or that caprice. He is always an artist. He confines his comments to side-issues: in the face of the larger mystery he is silent.

It has been said of "Smoke" that it differs from the earlier works of Turgenev in some important details. The scene is not laid in the steppes, but in Baden. The author reveals his political tendencies instead of merely presenting an objective picture. The real heroine is not the *jeune fille*, but the *femme intrigante*. The tone is one of personal bitterness rather than one of impersonal melancholy. All this is true, and yet, perhaps, by reason of these supposed defects, "Smoke" will suggest the great Russian's personal reading of life's enigma best of all. It will do so more clearly than "Lisa" in regard to superficial details, with equal clarity in regard to vital issues.

The very title suggests the disillusion of one who has long watched and hoped in vain. The people are still waiting; the leaders are still talking about action. This or that petty personality is made recognizable by some peculiarity of strut or jargon. The boasts of young Russia seem to curl up in smoke rings before our eyes. The fatigued babble of Baden re-echoes around the "Russian Tree," but beyond, in the distance, the steppes are waiting and there all is still. A baneful love, penetrating as the perfume of heliotropes which awoke it, consumes the soul of Litvinov. But beyond there is waiting the supreme consoler, the young girl whose healing love returns after the years with the sweet certainty of Spring. For all things are renewed and will be endlessly renewed. But to oppose your individuality to the general movement, to wail your little protest in the face of the profound mystery of being, all that is smoke, smoke, smoke.

### Dostoevsky and "Le Crime et le Châtiment."

The aim of European fiction generally has been to express, either from the standpoint of hate or joy, the pride of life. This aim reached its zenith in the author of "La Comédie Humaine." The antithesis to Balzac is Dostoevsky.

From the beginning the Russian novel has lent itself to the veiled interpretation of a national want rather than to the exploitation of an individual triumph. There are many reasons, historical and sociological, for this, and the point of view seems to have become ingrained in the Russian character. The endurance of life and the understanding of the soul, not the joy of life and the apotheosis of physical prestige, have been the dominant motives of Russian fiction. We find the explicit expression of these motives in "La Résurrection" of Tolstoi, and in the "Poor Folk" of Dostoevsky, while they are implied in the "Lisa" of Turgenev, and in Gontcharov's "A Common Story."

A modern Russian author, whose Hellenism forms such an antithesis to the Nietzscheism of Gorky, has contrasted the paganism of Tolstoi with the Christianity of Dostoevsky. Whether the author of "Que Faire?" has or has not remained pagan in spite of himself there can be no question as to the justice of Merejkowski's estimate of the other.

Over and over again from the withering life of cities Dostoevsky has caught the under-current of stifled suffering. Where others have seen only grotesque objects of ridicule and scorn, this Russian has pitied the wound of the soul. The ruined, the beaten, the betrayed men, women, and children, broken upon the wheel of life, these

are the people before whom he bows. To Hugo an object of pity was a part of the terrible, and he expressed it as such. It was, for him, the inverse side of the magnificent into which he poured the same storm of passion that he poured into imperial triumphs. For him a beggar no less than a king, and for precisely the same reason, becomes a Titan. For both the one and the other share the same prestige of quantity, whether of limitless misfortune or of limitless power. For Dostoevsky the humble were never Titanic figures at all, but he recognised in them human beings who were slowly learning what appeared to him to be the supreme lesson of life—*le besoin de souffrir*. The pride of life, the assertion of the individual will, was wholly repellent to him. He held fast to the tenets of the old Russia, the tenets of faith, of silence, and of endurance. But in one book he has given utterance to the protest of the individual.

In "Le Crime et le Châtiment" it is useless to look for the qualities of logic, of reserve, of proportion. It is idle to expect the adaptation of the parts to a key suitable to the demands of Anglo-Saxon propriety. We must take the book as it is. With all its violence and all its crudities there is a power in it which holds one in spite of the will. Max Nordau himself recognised this power, and the Russian's name is not included in his endless list of mattoids. It is the voice of a man in whom all egotism has been burnt out. Strange visions came to him; strange words, flashing like genius from a madman's lips, illumine the chaotic darkness of his picture. There is no pessimism in these pages, nor is there any protest against a concrete phase of tyranny. But this Bossuet of the *détraqués* denounces the over-man who would violate the law of the humble. There is the sin, to break away from the common life.

Raskolnikoff is a murderer, and the woman who ransoms his soul is a prostitute. But whereas Sonia's sin is part of the sinister sacrifice of her life, that of the man is the result of pride. That is the problem, and for Dostoevsky there is no doubt whatever as to the ultimate solution. There must be expiation. It is difficult to recall many scenes in literature more profoundly touching than that in which Raskolnikoff bows before this poor girl as before the incarnation of human suffering. An extraordinary medley of figures is introduced to us in this book. The normal principles of action are ignored. A violent debauchee gives his money to the poor and then shoots himself. A drunkard, without hope and without shame, exclaims, "je n'ai pas soif de joie, mais de douleur et de larmes." Nobility and degradation seem everywhere to mingle and fade into the common atmosphere of suffering. But not for an instant do we catch the note of that sentimentality which is the parody of pathos. He who had endured the infamies of Siberia had no intention of exploiting the lachrymose emotions of the tavern and the gutter. No, it was life as he saw it; as though through the crapulous horrors of reality he alone could catch a mirage of unsullied beauty.

Pardon there is for all who will humble their hearts. It comes to Raskolnikoff in Siberia, the inward pardon which is independent of judge or jury. Raskolnikoff had held aloof from his fellow prisoners, thus prolonging the same sin which had formerly led him to crime. But at last he accepts the lesson of life as Turgenev dreamed it, as Tolstoi learned it, as Dostoevsky felt it. Then he knew that the real punishment had not been Siberia, but the severance from his fellow man! "La vie s'était substituée chez lui au raisonnement." In this one sentence is embodied not only the inmost core of Dostoevsky's faith, but also the patient, inarticulate philosophy of the old Russia.



## "The Pity of It."

A CRITICAL paper from Mr. Swinburne must always be an event in the literary world, if it were only for his past achievement in that way, wherein scarce any living writer has shown more mastery and catholicity of taste. Hence we all turn with interest to his article on "King Lear" in the current "Harper's." It has delicate and discriminating appreciation, as might be expected; let that be said in the outset—since we are minded to disburden our full souls rather strongly on some of its shortcomings. For Mr. Swinburne's style becomes of late more and more provocative. It was never a sound style, even when it was most charged with vehement eloquence; but it is becoming something worse than vicious, if that be possible. The immediate effect of this article, after reading a few paragraphs, is to make us clap our hands to our ears as when an engine blows off steam. It is strident, it is on the full blast from start to finish, there is no rest or modesty. Mr. Swinburne is never delivered of verbs or adjectives but in twins. "An everlasting and godlike type of heroic and human agony, dominates and dwarfs," &c. That is the way of it, without intermission. And this redundancy of words is merely part of a vice which sinks into the whole tissue of the style. Everything is in excess. Mr. Swinburne seems incapable of praise (for instance) except by hyperbole.

It might be curious for some statistician to compute how often in his critical writings he has used the formula, "There is nothing in all literature," or "nothing in all poetry"—as the case may be. Every writer he has occasion to praise must in some way be superlatively supreme above all other writers. "Incomparable," "transcendent," "unequaled," "unique"—such trifling unconsidered adjectives fly about till the air is thick with them, and they have as little value for us as the purse of gold which the stage-hero is for ever tossing to messengers and followers. The effect of this habit is sometimes amusing. For "freedom of thought and sublimity of utterance" Marlowe was our first great poet, we are told: and "the one man born to excel him" was Shakespeare. But Aeschylus, we are immediately assured (and as we had indeed been assured before), is "the one man comparable with Shakespeare." So that, after all, there were two men born to surpass Marlowe. These, however, as we have said are trifles of hyperbole to Mr. Swinburne. Shakespeare is not only the greatest poet, as we are all willing to allow him, but "the greatest man that ever lived." Yet there were Cæsar and Alexander, not to say Napoleon, each of them (as the gentleman in Congreve remarked of Hannibal) "a very pretty fellow in his day"; there have been your Leonardos and Michelangelos, your Platos and Aristotles and the like, who were reckoned somewhat as men go; and even Solomon has had his admirers. But we mention Solomon with diffidence, for the Hebrews (we find) are quite "out of it" beside the author of "King Lear" and his comrade Aeschylus: "The Hebrew prophets and the creator of Job are sometimes (!) as sublime in imagination and in passion, but always quite incomparably inferior in imaginative intelligence." The note of exclamation is ours. Lacking any definition of what the poet intends by "imaginative intelligence," we refrain from discussing it. But the passage is rank—Swinburne. The parallel with Job is strong in him, he returns to it more than once. "The author of the Book of Job . . . can show nothing to be set beside the third act of 'King Lear.'" And the author of Genesis can show nothing to set beside the "Origin of Species." Does "Job" for a moment aim to create the intimate dramatic effect of "King Lear"? The parallel is too superficial for dwelling upon. After a succession of these explosions (we can liken them to nothing else) we are too weary to say anything but "tell us when

it's coming," or "won't someone turn off the connection?" And this is a pity; because underneath it all Mr. Swinburne has something to say, and something worth listening to; if not quite so much as we could wish. We do not get much new light on the great play. But we have its greatness, and Shakespeare's greatness, emphasised again with eloquence and perception, when Mr. Swinburne can for a moment disentangle himself from superlatives and needless comparisons. The judgment with which Shakespeare has selected, modified, and harmonised his materials, for example, is excellently brought out. The more need have we to protest against a style which almost disguises from us the fact that Mr. Swinburne is a great critic—if not a temperate one.

## Impressions.

### XI.—The Spell.

"You see," he said, "I hold that the keenest pleasures come from the imagination, and those pleasures never pall. Friendship is good, love is good, but—the imagination must work alone, and it never works so delicately as in a sudden change of environment. The thought of loneliness is repelling, but face it and there is great reward."

"You put this into practice?" I asked.

"Occasionally. Last week, when I found that mankind in bulk was deadening me, and making everything seem grey and stupid, I went off to a desolate place on the coast. There were miles of wet sand beneath a grey dripping sky; on the shore-side fishermen's cottages, and all the rest was sea, white-crested, desolate, and infinitely lonely. Not a ship was in sight, and in those miles of sand I saw but one human being, a man, a black speck, far away across pools of water, digging in the sand, and running with a line from one hole he had dug to another.

"No, I couldn't sleep that night, but it was not the feverish sleeplessness that London brings, changing hillocks into mountains. It was rather the wakefulness of immensity, understanding it, rejoicing in it. As I lay in bed listening to the roar of the sea, my perceptions broadened, felt their way through infinity—miles of sand, sky, ocean—and home was there. Man was the stranger: man I did not want: to go on for ever in that waking dream of conscious union with infinity seemed the only object of existence. To go back to the world was to return to prison. The thought of catching the early train to London was torture.

"But when someone knocked at my bedroom door at half-past six the spell was not broken. It was quite dark: the sea still moaned: I was still alone. Outside in the wet streets I was still alone, for the yawning man who emerged from the depths of the building to show me the way to the station did not speak. He shuffled by my side in slippers, and as he walked the rain trickled into his slippers and squelched as he put his feet down. Here and there in the top windows of the houses there was a light, but we met nobody, neither in the streets, nor when the houses straggled off one by one, and we plodded up a hill. On the top he pointed to a building in the valley, and left me. That building was dark. The gates were locked. I waited, the spell still unbroken, but dreading the moment when the world would catch me again. A light came swinging out of the darkness, a porter looked sleepily at me, and then unlocked the gate. I was the only passenger in the train. We crawled through the damp mist which rose from the valley, and when we stopped at the first station, the sound of the sea again moaned through the stillness. It could not be far distant, but that clinging mist hid everything, even the face of



the guard. I heard somebody say to him 'Another miserable Sunday, Joe,' and his answer, 'It is that.' But those voices coming out of the impenetrable mist did not break the spell. The men were figures in a dream—voices only.

"We moved slowly forward, and the rain grew heavier. I sat quite still, exulting in the last moments of loneliness, for at the next station I would have to change. When the train stopped, a figure loomed before the carriage door, and a voice said: 'You can sit in the dry till the other train comes.'"

"It may have been five minutes, it may have been an hour, when with a roar, a splutter of steam, and an awful grind of brakes, the London express drew up at the platform. Every compartment was brilliantly lighted. Faces stared from the steaming windows.

"The world had come out of the mist to grip me again. Pah!"

## Drama.

### Othello.

I SUPPOSE it is inevitable that we should, consciously or unconsciously, set a higher standard for the players in the great Shakespearean tragedies than in the work of lesser men. We are none of us likely ever to see the Lear or the Othello of our dreams. On the other hand, I suppose it is equally true that the greater the dramatist the less is his dependence upon his fallible interpreters. Something of the mighty music blows to the soul even through the broken and ill-tuned instruments. Certainly I would sooner see Shakespeare bungled than Mr. Hall Caine immaculately rendered. I have even watched with pleasure Shakespearean performances by Oxford undergraduates. Apart, therefore, altogether from criticism, a visit to the Lyric Theatre, or more than one visit, will be well worth while during the next few months, unless indeed you are of a mind with Colonel Thomas Newcome (was it not?) who excused himself from going to "Othello," on the ground that—"that noble gentleman and that noble lady—too painful for me!" And indeed "Othello" comes very straight from the fount of pity and of terror. I do not propose to enter into the question as to which, in the abstract, is the greatest tragedy; but there is none other which, in the simplicity and directness of its presentment, touches more closely upon the bitter heart of things, or tries the vexed spirit more hard.

Before I go on to speak of the individual actors, I should like to say a word in praise of the extreme good taste with which the whole piece was put upon the boards. I am not thinking so much of the scenic effects, for scenic beauty, within the conventional lines which Mr. Gordon Craig is going to change, has become almost a matter of course in modern Shakespearean revivals; but rather of the drilling and management of the crowds, and in particular of that in the presence-chamber of the Duke of Venice. Here, while Brabantio and Othello told their moving tales, the little group of magnificoes and attendants stood and sat as immobile and unconcerned as the painted figures on the wall behind them. Such a departure from realism seems to me most highly to be commended. From the realistic point of view, of course, the bystanders would take a natural interest in the proceedings, and would signify the same by long-drawn breaths and whisperings and leanings forward and all the other methods which may be summed up in the comprehensive formula of "sensation in the audience." But from the point of view of the spectator, whose quantity of available attention is limited, the chief result of "sensation in the audience" is to confuse his perceptions and to distract him from

the central dramatic issues. I am, however, of those who would gladly see the breach with realism, at least in the acting of plays which are also poetry, carried to a much greater point than has as yet been attempted in any popular theatre. I would have the verse declaimed, or even chanted, with far more attention to the incidence of the metre and far less to the adaptation of it to the purposes of "natural" dialogue. And would it not be possible that even in such a part as Othello, emotion should be accepted, without any real dramatic loss, as expressing itself rather in conventional and rhythmic than in "natural" and realistic gesture? So violent a departure from stage-tradition was obviously not to be expected from Mr. Forbes Robertson. I do not suggest that Shakespeare would have commended it. Othello, I suppose, will continue to roar and foam at the mouth and generally tear his passions to tatters. But I must insist that realism is not an innate law of the drama; and that great poets, in great ages of dramatic history, have been content with the more plastic and symbolic methods of interpretation. Even as it is, I fancy that Mr. Forbes Robertson, as stage-manager perhaps, rather than as actor, has profited by his experience with the serious and subtle art of "Pelléas et Mélisande." In particular, I seem to trace the influence of the play in the exquisite disrobing scene in Desdemona's chamber, a scene which, I am told, has generally been omitted in previous revivals of "Othello" and which, as done at the Lyric, is so good that I am quite ready to believe it. One expected, of course, that Miss Gertrude Elliott, who has made her reputation in sentiment and light comedy, would hardly prove adequate to Desdemona. In thinking over the play, and especially over this scene, I do not feel that there was anything very much wanting. The fact is that Desdemona is not one of the Shakespearean parts which requires filling adequately. Shakespeare had, amongst other things, an immense sense of the practicable. He knew that he could not count upon anything better than a clever boy to play his women. When he wrote Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, he must have had a very clever boy. But Lady Macbeth is the last of the difficult heroines, and Desdemona belongs with Ophelia, with Perdita, with Miranda, with Cordelia, to a group whose function is mainly a passive one. They do not make great demands upon the personality of their interpreter. They are silver trumps through which the great Shakespearean poetry pours, and to represent them it is enough that an actress should be, like Miss Elliott, sweet and simple and natural. They do not, even when they occur in tragedies, ask for the ultimate tragic genius.

Of the parts that do, in their degree, need adequacy, the one which best gets it, at the Lyric, is that of Emilia. Miss Lena Ashwell plays with an admirable restraint in the first four acts, and rises fully to the claims of the situation in the fifth. I do not know whether Miss Ashwell has essayed Shakespeare before. I should like to see her as Lady Macbeth; but I must own that I cannot think of a Macbeth whom she would not dominate more than a modern actor-manager thinks it good for him to be dominated. As for Mr. Forbes Robertson, I am quite sure that he is not the Othello of my dreams. He played, as he always does, with refinement, with intelligence, and with individuality. But, as a whole, the impersonation struck me as essentially feminine. It is probable that, with all respect to the *manes* of Burbage, the same actor cannot really excel both in Hamlet and Othello. Mr. Forbes Robertson was the amorous Oriental in the first two acts; he was the Oriental frenzied with suspicion and jealousy in the last three. But I do not think that at any point he was the man of intense and lofty nobility of soul whom Shakespeare drew. And I am quite sure that Mr. Herbert Waring was not the Iago of my dreams, either. I cannot take a swashbuckler of romance for the sinister man who, whenever the music and the pageantry

clear away, is left occupying the stage with his terrible sneer. After all, Iago is the devil himself, neither more nor less; and it is the fundamental weakness of the conception which governs the present revival of "Othello" that it does not sufficiently take into account that aspect of the play in which it is not merely, as Mr. Walkley wittily calls it, a *crime passionnel*, but the symbolical representation, in the course of a human story, of the clash of cosmic forces. It is more than Desdemona's life or Othello's honour that is at stake. Like most of the Shakespearian tragedies, like "Macbeth" and like "King Lear," "Othello" is an indictment. For to Shakespeare, as to Aristotle, tragedy meant the failure of nobility: and how can nobility fail, unless evil and not good has the ordering of the world? It is of the essence of tragedy that its philosophy should be pagan or fatalistic, and not Christian.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

## Art.

### A Critic.

WHEN the lift is carrying a traveller down to a Central London Railway station his eye may fall on an advertisement stating that among the attractions of the "Saturday Review" is an article on Art by D. S. M. This statement is correct. Mr. D. S. MacColl's articles on Art are an attraction, but he is not for all palates. Subtle and suggestive he is, but neither buoyant nor sentimental, therefore not popular.

His eyelids, if I may say so, are a little weary; he has written so much about the theory and practice of painting that the years' exhibitions confront him with the tediousness of saying again what he has already said very well. The descriptive reporter or catalogue-critic can go on till eternity; but the philosophic critic, who is also a painter and scholar, who has thought the business through, who has formulated theories, who is interested in ideas rather than the experiments of new men, or new facets of a veteran's talent—must feel much like General De Wet if he were called upon to write another book about the war. Mr. MacColl's gracefully weary article on the last Salon illustrates this. Mancini forced him to buckle on his sword. So far as I know, Messrs. Orpen, Rothenstein, and John have not drawn him from the recesses of his tent, but eyes can glower in darkness. Does this seem querulous? I hope not. I would rather two-thirds of the House of Commons never spoke again than that Mr. MacColl, following the example of Mr. George Moore, should cease to write about Art.

That distinguished Irishman published his matured views about painting in a convenient volume. Mr. MacColl has issued his matured views on painting in a most inconvenient volume. It is enormous in size and prodigiously heavy—in a word, it is an art volume, and the modern art volume seems to be designed to place every possible difficulty in the way of the reader. You cannot hold it in your hand; if you prop it upon a table the eye has to wander over such an expanse of text that concentration is impossible. The picture you particularly want to examine usually faces sideways, so that you must either shift the book (good muscles are needed for that) or leave your seat and walk round the table. This is unfair to Mr. MacColl's text. I want to read it. I want to keep it upon a shelf. When will publishers realise that there is only one form for a modern art book? The text and the pictures should be separated: the text should be in a handy volume; the pictures should be in a portfolio, and they should illustrate the text.

Essentially should this be so in a volume of this kind, where the writer has definite things to say about certain pictures. I am half way through the book, reading Mr. MacColl's article on Rodin. I come to this passage: "In the Balzac he fashioned a block simple at a distance as a menhir, yet even at a distance impressive in its slow-moving upward surge: An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle. As you draw nearer the defiant head with a lion's mane shines out, and brows terribly bent. Go round it, and the simple-seeming block lives and moves." This description makes me wish to see the statue again. I turn to the facing illustration; it is Méryon's "Galerie de Notre Dame." I read the article on Méryon. It makes me wish at once to look upon the "Morgue" or "Notre Dame." I turn to the facing illustration. It is a portrait of Cardinal Manning. What is the meaning of this contrariety? Simply that the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901 did not contain the "Balzac" or the "Morgue." For this sumptuous volume is primarily a record of the Fine Art Loan Collection of that exhibition; it is notable because a distinguished critic was asked to write the text, and he has given the publishers (James Maclehose & Co.) of his very best. Mr. MacColl's text is nothing less than a survey of Nineteenth Century Art. It is the expression of a lifetime of observation, study, and practice, and I can imagine no more delightful occupation for a wealthy amateur than to grangerise Mr. MacColl's part in the book. The ordinary person would like to have the text in a convenient form, a book, say, of the size of Mr. Moore's "Modern Painting."

To write a book called "Nineteenth Century Art" is a task that might appal the boldest, but Mr. MacColl's volume holds together. It was well designed, and the design has been held in view. He has thrown the chief figures of the period into perspective. Great names are grouped under the great movement they originated or helped. To each movement, to each band of protagonists, there is a prefatory essay. The Olympians (David, Ingres); The Titans (Goya, Blake, Géricault, Delacroix, Daumier); Landscape, Realism, Impressionism, are given sections. Mr. MacColl's theories of painting are set forth in the chapters called "The Vision of the Century" and "The Imagination of the Century." A dog painter, in whose care I left the book for an evening, remarked of these chapters—"They're pretty tough."

But he who writes scientifically upon values, colour, and light; he who tries to set down in words what a painter learns by intuition, accumulated failures, and years of observation, does not hope to be easily read. I can imagine the bewildered vacancy of understanding that Mr. MacColl's opening sentence produced in the mind of my friend, the dog painter. "The arts pursue their completeness, their full resources as instruments, across the imaginative uses that are made of them, and commonly attract the most fervid and gifted minds at the point of exploration." Or this: "Camera vision has been the suppressed common term among special systems of vision since the world began, just as it is now between artists who paint on different systems." No; Mr. MacColl is not easy reading; he is illusive; his words are art shades, not primary colours; his delight in the pursuit of a truth is so keen that he will delay reaching the goal in sheer joy of the journey's vicissitudes. He is like a learned and talented butterfly hovering over a flower, sipping, considering, comparing one flower with another flower, and only alighting when day wanes and nothing remains but to alight. Mr. George Moore alights at once. The end of the journey is always his object. Take the beginning of his article on Mr. Whistler: "I have studied Mr. Whistler and thought about him this many a year." That is straight and to the point, like the rest of the paper. Mr. MacColl begins, "Mr. Whistler comes so far within the rubric of Courbet's 'realism' that his imagination is untroubled by a heroic,



legendary or fantastic world and absorbed in the contemporary present subject." Compare the method of these two critics on the recondite theme of values. Mr. MacColl's thought meanders through many lines of beautiful prose: you read, catching at his meaning as you catch at your hat in a gale of wind. Mr. Moore gives you these four lines, and the thing is fixed in your memory: "The colour is the melody, the values are the orchestration of the melody; and as the orchestration serves to enrich the melody, so do the values enrich the colour."

But in his brief studies of significant painters of the nineteenth century, Mr. MacColl can come to the point, can give in a few touches a picture of his man that places him, that gives him a personality. This, for an example, about the immaculate Ingres, and the means his wife adopted to protect him from the world's hard sights: "When they passed a cripple in the streets of Rome she put her shawl over his head and led him past by the hand. Nothing is more frequent in the accounts of his disciples than the phrase, 'M. Ingres détournait la tête'; it was an attitude forced upon him by the largely non-Raphaellesque character of the world." Again a little anecdote told of Delacroix explains to the uninitiated the laws of the simultaneous contrast of colours, in a way that an exposition, however lucid, could not do. One day Delacroix was at work upon his "Marino Faliero," striving for brilliancy in his yellows. Failing, he called a cab and started off to the Louvre to consult Rubens, when he happened to observe the black and yellow body of the cab. The black beside the yellow was not black, but tinged with mauve. "Here was the law in germ—the bright yellow compels the eye to see its complementary colour in the adjacent space. If you want your yellow to look its brightest, put its complementary beside it, for that will force the eye to see yellower." An illuminating anecdote, but, adds Mr. MacColl, "there is probably some confusion in the story. The yellow of the 'Marino Faliero' is actually reinforced by red in the shadows with very poor success." That is characteristic of the author. The truth must be told even if it spoils a good story.

A book that every critic and some painters should read. It ends in a learned note on "The Spectral Palette and Optical Mixture," which follows an analysis of Monet's impressionism: "it may be claimed for him that in his occupation with the sensations of vibrating light he has wrung some lovely harmonies close up to the abysses of the white, red, or golden sun, at whose verge the way of painting ends." There I may end.

C. L. H.

## Science.

### What are the X Rays?

THE X or Röntgen rays have now been for some years before the public, but it may be doubted whether they represent much more to the Man in the Street than a means by which he is told he can see the skeleton of a living body, and can photograph, as he expresses it, in the dark. Even for men of science the phenomena included under this name are very obscure, and it cannot be said that there yet exists any official or generally accepted explanation of them. Yet some very great questions are involved in them, and it may be said that if we really understood all about them, we should have gone a long way towards bridging the space that we have always been accustomed to consider as existing between force and matter.

Now the mode of producing these rays is simple enough. You take a glass tube, called after its inventor a Crookes' tube, exhausted to a high degree of exhaustion, and with

a platinum wire or electrode sealed in each end for the purpose of attaching it to the coil. You then with a Ruhmkorff or intensity coil—which consists practically of a great number of yards of extremely fine copper wire wound round an insulating cylinder—send a current of high intensity through the exhausted tube. When this is done, the glass opposite the wire called the cathode, which corresponds to the negative pole of the battery, will begin to glow with a faint green light, and the ordinary explanation of this is that it is being bombarded with extremely fine particles of the air left in the tube and moving under the impulse of the current with great energy towards the anode or positive pole. However this may be, it is outside the tube that the most wonderful phenomena occur. From the external surface are projected in every direction rays invisible to the naked eye, but proceeding in straight lines and incapable of being deflected, as are the rays within the tube, by a magnet. These rays, which their discoverer, Dr. Röntgen, modestly wished to be called the X or unknown, are capable of penetrating all known substances, although to varying depths, the more solid bodies, such as metals, being the least permeable to them. They will impress a photographic film in the same way as the sun, will discharge any electrically charged body upon which they alight, and will excite certain chemicals, such as the platinocyanide of barium to the most brilliant fluorescence.

The question now is, of what do these rays consist? They certainly are not the particles of matter which we have seen bombarding the anode *inside* the tube, for in that case the tube would soon lose even its highly-rarefied contents, and would become that anomaly in nature—a perfect vacuum. It has been said that, like a good many other things, they are oscillations in the ether. But the ether itself is a mere hypothesis, and there seems no reason why one class of oscillations shall possess high penetrative power and the others none at all. Nor does the matter become any better when we consider their property of discharging electrically-charged bodies. This faculty is shared by them with the rays emitted by M. Becquerel's light-giving metals, such as uranium and its congeners, and is accounted for in the latter case by supposing that the emissions from uranium are really streams of very finely divided particles of such metal, which therefore act upon the charged body like a chain of metal balls. But in the case of the Röntgen tube, it is plain that the particles, if of anything, are not of metal, but of glass, and as glass is not, like metal, an electrical conductor, it is difficult to see how this can make for the discharge of the charged body. Moreover, the glass of the tube shows no signs after prolonged use of abrasion or roughening, as it would certainly do if it were perpetually losing small particles of its substance.

Another explanation which seems at first sight to fit all the circumstances is supplied by the theory of M. le Bon, of which I gave some little account in the ACADEMY of a few weeks back. According to him, all bodies without exception emit under certain circumstances effluvia which are not of the same substance as the emitting body. But if this be accepted—and as I said in the previous article, it is not yet fully proved—of what substance are these effluvia composed? Are we to come back to the old theory of Newton, and believe that light is in itself a substance which spreads itself by diffusion in the same way that a piece of musk will for hundreds of years throw off particles of itself? Or are we to believe in the *prima materia* or First Matter of the Alchemists, of which all subsequent matter was said to be made, and which, though not itself any recognised substance in Nature, yet contained within itself the germ or potentiality of all substances? To these questions M. le Bon's articles do not, so far as I can see, even suggest an answer.

Perhaps the best guess that has yet been made is that the Röntgen rays consist of streams of particles of the

gases of the atmosphere in a state of such perfect subdivision that they became not matter, but force. This, which seems to be the "ultra gaseous" state of Crookes', certainly has much to recommend it, and almost answers the objection that if we suppose them to be streams of ponderable matter, the force required to propel them at high speed would be enormous. But are we prepared to carry this doctrine out to its logical extent and to conclude that all force is composed in the same way? Is the attraction of one mass of matter for another, on which the theory of gravitation is based, to be considered to be due to some invisible string, so to speak, connecting the two? If not, it is probable, though it must be said with great diffidence, that this explanation, as Pitt said of Paley's Evidences, raises more doubt than it answers.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is not even an approach to an agreement among men of science as to the answer to our question, What are the Röntgen rays? It is possible that such an agreement may be very near, or that it may be delayed as long as the answer to the cognate question, What is Electricity?, which seems to be as far off as ever. Yet it is certain that so long as the answer evades us, there will be many important mysteries in the universe as to which the wise man can only say "agnosco."

F. LEGGE.

## Correspondence.

### The End of the World.

SIR,—In my article under this heading, I wrote—or intended to write—that the Primitive Church was founded in the belief in the nearness of the Second Advent. This is admitted by all who have studied the subject, and is also indicated by its use of doctrines of merely temporary application, such as the community of goods, and of the password *Maranatha* ("The Lord is at hand"). But, whether through my fault or not, in getting into type, the sentence was altered so as to make it appear that the beliefs of the "Stoic and other philosophers" included faith in the return of Jesus to the earth. This would, of course, be an anachronism, as the Stoic doctrine of the *ecpyrosis* or destruction of the world by fire was given to the world three centuries before Christianity. My point was that in the last centuries B.C., a vague belief in the approach of a final catastrophe, of a general judgment, and even of a millennium or reign of the saints was very generally spread throughout the civilised world, and was held by the heathen nations as well as by the Jews. Proofs of this may be found in Minucius Felix and other authors. The cause of it is not very obvious, but is probably to be found in the increased popularity of the Mysteries or sacred dramas, which followed the break-up of the priestly colleges on the Euphrates and the Nile.

—Yours, &c.,

F. LEGGE.

### The Cockney H.

SIR,—Somewhat intimate experience of Englishmen of various different classes has led me to adopt the following theory of the southern English use of the letter *h*. Were southern English a spoken language only, *h* would have disappeared from it as completely as it has from the Italian language, and all southern Englishmen who know English as a spoken language only, or have but very slight acquaintance with it as a written language, make no use whatever of the letter *h*. Those southern Englishmen who know English familiarly as a written language, laboriously maintain the same use of *h* as other English-speaking men, except perhaps in the case of *wh*, and they take pains to do so because it has become the badge of their class. Between these two classes of southern Englishmen is a third, consisting of men who in

childhood have learnt English as a spoken language only without *h*, and have subsequently learned it as a written language, or desire to imitate the speech of those who have. These people have difficulty in remembering where the *h*'s occur. They do not always insert them where they do occur, and often add them where they do not occur. This form of speech is not a dialect, and varies with the idiosyncrasy of individuals, some inserting enormous numbers of superfluous *h*'s and some but few. The period during which each individual endeavours to change his speech is usually but short, and he then settles down to an almost fixed usage of *h*, to which, however, he does not always strictly adhere.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. CHANNER.

Ravensthorpe Vicarage, Northampton.

SIR,—My experience informs me that the thoroughbred uncontaminated Cockney never sounds an *h* in any circumstances, unless he has been brought into frequent contact with people who do sound their *h*'s. And the man who puts the *h* in the wrong place is by no means the vulgar person your correspondent imagines him to be. It is because of his natural refinement of perception that he makes his tragic mistakes. And as a rule, he knows he has made them, sweats in his bed at night with shame when he remembers.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PUGH.

The O.P. Club, Covent Garden, W.C.

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter about American writers and the Cockney misuse of *h* reminds me that Mr. G. W. Cable (the best American writer I know of) questioned me on this very point nearly three years ago. Mr. Cable, I must add, was in no need of my help, for his own impression was the right one, namely, that the Cockney's sins in the matter of the aspirate are almost confined to its omission. The Mr. Super quoted by "A Cockney Writer" is certainly wrong in applying to us the rule: "Where the *h* belongs, omit it; where it does not belong, place it." In London, at any rate, those who place *h* "where it does not belong" are half-educated persons trying to correct a weakness. The low-class Cockney will say "A onion," omitting the *n* without introducing the *h*, though it would be easier, one would suppose, to bring it in. Mr. Super also exaggerates his case in calling this tendency "one of the most curious phenomena of modern speech" and in saying "I have come across nothing like it outside of English." So natural, seemingly, is the omission of the aspirate that the romance languages have practically eliminated it from their speech, and the Italian even from its alphabet.—Yours, &c.,

The Den, Shere, near Guildford. WILSON BENINGTON.

SIR,—I have for some time had before me an unsolved problem concerning the pronunciation of the consonant *h*. It was first suggested by a plumber, who, called in to investigate an obstruction in the water pipes, said that he had found that "some air had got into the pipes." I took this to mean that an intrusion of the atmosphere had disarranged our water supply, but I was told later that he referred to a ball of hair.

Now I think it seems probable that if this plumber had intended to say "air" he would have used the aspirate and said "hair." Whence this curious perversity? Would it affect a completely illiterate member of the lower classes who had never seen the words in print.—Yours, &c.,

M. B. A.

### Kelly's Peerage.

SIR,—Messrs. Kelly having acquired what copyright there may be in "The Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage of the British Empire," published in 1882 and 1883 by Nichols



and Chapman and Hall, pay me the compliment of announcing in the press that they have acquired the copyright of "Foster's Peerage." A compliment which they regarded as an acknowledgment for my having suggested the purchase to one of their literary staff.

At a recent interview they very courteously allowed me to examine some early proof-sheets, and as a result I felt unable to avail myself of a continuation of their intended compliment. I, therefore, desired them, in writing, to refrain from further use of my name in that connection. With this request they very politely complied, and no further press notices have appeared.

A four-page prospectus of "Lodge's Peerage" has now been issued in which, to my chagrin, Messrs. Kelly courageously repeat that they have acquired the copyright of "Foster's Peerage." As this statement might be held to conflict with the library edition of the Peerage for which I have been making collections during the last twenty years, I am compelled to call public attention to the inaccuracy of the statement and to contradict it.

Nay, more, I must be careful to forestall those eager critics who, prospectus in hand, would only too keenly relish an early thrust at "Foster's" peerage though in no sense "Foster's peerage." Here in four pages, I can hear them saying, are as many armorial illustrations—representing, a duke, an earl, a baron and a baronet—why give the arms of a baronetcy to an earldom? was it too expensive to add the supporters or coronet? they will coyly ask—or why decorate baronial arms with a ducal coronet? Was it to economise still further, that the arms of the Duke of Devonshire were utilized for his kinsman Baron Chesham? And was the correct supporters blazon of "the British peerage" altered after "scholarly research" so as to agree with the illustration or with "the distinguished accuracy" lodge? Whichever be the correct alternative, the result is a fiasco indeed, and peerage making by "combination" becomes a farce.

Nor does "the Directory" appear to be more authoritative than its heraldic illustrations—for a Peer's Irish address, good no later than 1883, is here assigned to a successor in 1903. And this prospectus goes forth to the world as fairly representative of a peerage which is to be "A combination of the accuracy for which Lodge's peerage has been distinguished for so many years with the scholarly research of the work of Mr. Foster."

Literary hardihood such as this must not be allowed to pass current, and I rely on literary journalism to enable me to counteract it—Yours, &c., J. FOSTER.

21, Boundary Road, N.W.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 169 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best translation of some lines which we quoted by Alfred de Vigny. Forty-six attempts were sent in. We award the prize to Mr. W. Aldersey Lewis, 32 Lee Park, Blackheath, S.E., for the following:—

Oft, in despite of man's high-sounding name,  
Shame at his feebleness my spirit fills;  
It is the brutes the ennobling knowledge claim,  
How best to leave this life and all its ills.  
Man's past, earth's ties, at death reviewed, demand  
Silence alone—all else the weakling's part;  
Ah, Woodland Wanderer, I understand,  
And thy last look has reached and stirred my heart!  
"Oh, strive," it bids me, "if thou canst, to find,  
By studious thoughts that all thy soul engage,  
This lofty Stoic fortitude of mind,  
The forest-children's earliest heritage.  
Groans, tears and cries for cowards—not for thee;  
Bravely take up the heavy tasks that lie  
Where fate shall lead thy steps, then, following me,  
Suffer in silence and in silence die."

Other translations follow:—

Alas, methought, how are we put to shame,  
Weaklings who vainly flaunt the Human name!  
Yours, glorious Brutes, and only yours, the art  
From Life's long trouble nobly to depart.  
For since the world and we are what we know  
Silence is all the greatness we can show.  
Wild wayfarer! Thy secret I divine  
And to my heart that dying glance of thine  
This message brought—"By gradual pathways climb  
Of studious thought, the Stoic height sublime  
(If strength not fail thy spirit for that road)  
Where I by woodland birthright still have trod.  
Tears, sighs, laments, all mark the coward soul.  
'Mid strenuous toil trace onward to the goal  
The path that for thy feet appointed is—  
Then agonise and pass in silence such as thine.

[W. M. L. H., Cambridge.]

(Continued on page 692.)

Mr. THOMAS HARDY on "The World's Work":—"I am glad to find that your use of the word 'work' is not to be limited to man's mechanical means of getting rich. I regard the magazine as a serious and deserving attempt to treat of solid subjects in an attractive manner, an attempt which is successful."

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